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№33 OCT.-NOV.

COOKIE

10¢

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They're **FUNNY**
all in... **FILMS**

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

COOKIE

I'M FROM THE **PRESS**!
IS THE **SULTAN** IN?

I'LL ASK
HIM! HEY,
ARE YOU IN,
SULTAN?

I'M VERY
INSULTIN'!
ESPECIALLY TO
STRANGERS!



HEY, **COOKIE**! WAIT
UP! I'VE GOT
NEWS FOR YA!

YEAH? WHAT
GIVES, JIT?



THE CATS ARE ALL GONNA CHIP
IN AND BUY A BIG FAT MESS OF
WEINIES AND THEN GO DOWN
TO THE BEACH AND **COOK UP**
A STORM*... NO WIMMIN, THOUGH...
IT'S STRICTLY **STAG**! WANNA
COME ALONG?

IT SOUNDS
GEORGE! JIT,
BUT I DUNNO!



***COOK UP A STORM**...
= HAVE A BIG TIME!

* **GEORGE** =
SWELL, FINE!



WODDEYA MEAN, YA DON'T **KNOW**?

WELL, I SORTA HALF PROMISED TO SPEND THE DAY WITH **ANGELPUSS**! WOULDN'T WANTA LET **HER** DOWN, YA KNOW!



NO, I S'POSE NOT!

LOOK, WHY'N'TCHA WALK OVER WITH ME TO HER PLACE---AND IF SHE'S GOT SOMETHIN' **ELSE** PLANNED, I'LL GO ALONG WITH YA!



MEANWHILE, SOMETHING'S TAKING PLACE THAT'S GOING TO HAVE A **BIG EFFECT** ON **COOKIE**!

HEY, ALFRED, LOOK! WHO'S **THIS** BUNCH COMING IN?

LOOKS LIKE A COLLECTION OF **MIND-READERS**!

THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS!



M'SIEU, YOU WILL PLEASE PREPARE YOUR MASTER SUITE FOR **HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF BACKDOOR**! HIS PLANE WAS FORCED DOWN AND WE'LL HAVE TO REMAIN HERE FOR A FEW DAYS!

THE -THE **SULTAN OF BACKDOOR**? GOSH! I-ER...AH...I...I MEAN, **YES SIR!** RIGHT AWAY! IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THE REGISTER, PLEASE...?



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HOPE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL FIND THESE ACCOMMODATIONS SATISFACTORY!

CERTAINLY! THAT'D BE MR. WITHERSPOON!

THEY'LL DO! NOW WILL YOU PLEASE GET THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL **BANK** ON THE TELEPHONE? HIS HIGHNESS WISHES TO **SPEAK** TO HIM!

SNIFF POX

MINUTES LATER, AT ANGELPUSS'S HOME...

WHO? THE SULTAN OF BACKDOOR?... WISHES TO SEE ME? BUT I'M NOT AT THE BANK! I'M AT HOME... THIS IS A LEGAL HOLIDAY! ...W-WHAT? A MILLION DOL... THAT'S DIFFERENT! COME RIGHT OVER TO MY HOME!



MOTHER! ANGELPUSS! HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF BACKDOOR, IS IN TOWN AND HE'S COMING HERE... TO OUR HOUSE!

DAD WITHERSPOON, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?



IT'S THE TRUTH! HE'S ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK AND HIS PLANE BROKE DOWN! HE'S CARRYING A MILLION DOLLARS IN JEWELS, AND WANTS TO PUT 'EM IN THE BANK FOR SAFE-KEEPING UNTIL THE PLANE IS REPAIRED!

OH, POP! THIS IS WONDERFUL! WAIT'LL THE NEWSPAPERS HEAR OF THIS... I'LL BE THE TOAST OF THE SOCIETY PAGE!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

ANGEL, HOW DO I LOOK?

FINE, MOTHER! GOLLY! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! A REAL, LIVE SULTAN, COMING HERE!

R-RING!

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW!



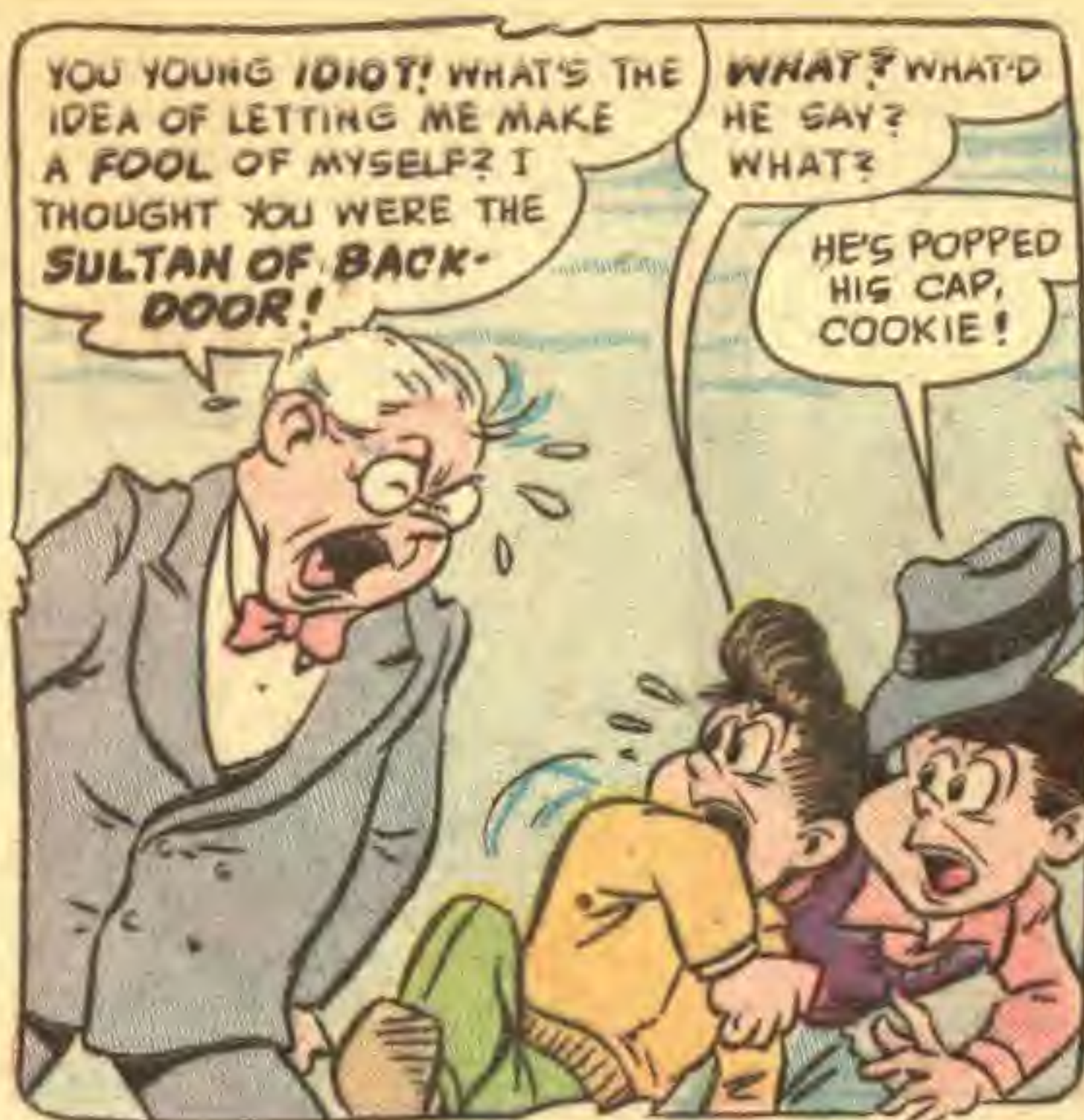
ENTER, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! AND ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES FOR MY HUMBLE ABODE! I'M SURE IT IS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM YOUR PALATIAL PALACE!



GEE, YA DON'T HAVE TA APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR HOUSE, MR. WITHERSPOON! I THINK IT LOOKS OKAY! IS ANGELPUSS HERE?

COOKIE!

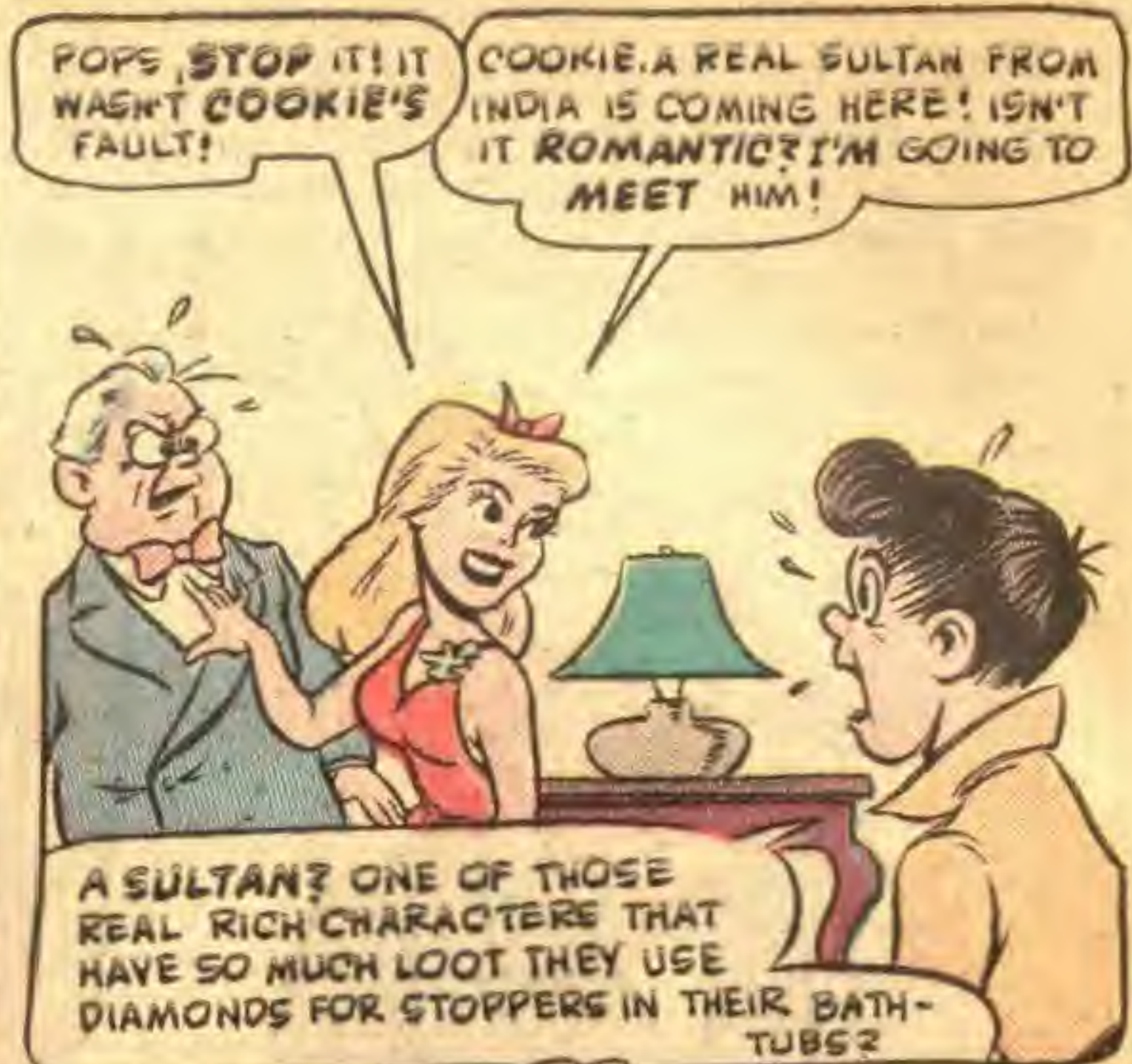




YOU YOUNG IDIOT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LETTING ME MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF? I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE **SULTAN OF BACK-DOOR!**

WHAT? WHAT'D HE SAY? WHAT?

HE'S POPPED HIS CAP, COOKIE!



POPSY, STOP IT! IT WASN'T **COOKIE'S** FAULT!

COOKIE, A REAL SULTAN FROM INDIA IS COMING HERE! ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? I'M GOING TO MEET HIM!

A SULTAN? ONE OF THOSE REAL RICH CHARACTERS THAT HAVE SO MUCH LOOT THEY USE DIAMONDS FOR STOPPERS IN THEIR BATH-TUBS?



HOLY COW, ANGEL, WHY DO YA WANTA MEET A GONE GOON LIKE **THAT**? THOSE ARE THE GUYS WHO HAVE **HUNDREDS OF WIVES!**... C'MON, LE'S GO!

I'LL DO NO **SUCH THING**, **COOKIE O'TOOLE!**... I'M STAYING **RIGHT** HERE AND MEETING HIM!... YOU CAN WAIT FOR ME OR LEAVE, WHICHEVER YOU WISH!



OKAY, I'LL WAIT!... BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

POPSY! THE DOORBELL! THAT MUST BE HE!

R-RING RING



MEESTAIR WITHERSPOON? ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY MASTER, THE EXALTED JEWEL OF THE EAST, HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY--**MOOLA, SULTAN OF BACKDOOR!**

PLEASD TA MEETCHA-ER... AH-SULTAN!... COME IN, COME IN!

AL-LO, AFFENDI!



AFFENDI, I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY TO BRING MY JEWELS WITH ME! YOU WILL PUT THEM IN YOUR BANK, NO?

WELL, THE BANK'S CLOSED, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT BECAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT, I'LL DO IT! HOWEVER, WE'LL HAVE TO ATTEND TO IT LATER!... THE VAULT CAN BE OPENED ONLY BY ONE EMPLOYEE!



NOW I'VE LOST MY ANGELPUSS ---AND IT'S THAT JERKY SWAMI'S FAULT! S'HELP ME, JIT, I'M GONNA PUNCH THAT SQUARE RIGHT IN THE NOSE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I DON'T BLAME YA, COOKIE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT WITH ONE SOCK! ---THOSE GUYS ARE PRETTY TOUGH, Y'KNOW! AFTER ALL, THEY SLEEP ON BEDS OF SPIKES!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE ANGEL'S HOUSE...

I'M SORRY THAT HAPPENED, YOUR HIGHNESS! I---

THAT EEZ QUITE ALL RIGHT! NOW-ER-AH--- WHEN CAN YOU PLACE MY VALUABLES IN YOUR BANK VAULT?



NOT UNTIL 7 TONIGHT! THE VAULT HAS A TIME LOCK AND CAN'T BE OPENED BY HAND UNTIL THEN!

WELL, EEF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL GO BACK TO MY HOTEL AND REST AND MEET YOU AT THE BANK AT THAT TIME!

YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T STAY FOR DINNER? --- BUT I THOUGHT---



MADAM IS MOS' KIND, BUT TOMORROW WE CAN ALL SPEND THE DAY TOGETHER! I WILL FEEL MORE AT EASE WHEN I KNOW MY JEWELS ARE SAFE!

OO! THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL!

PSST! ISN'T HE HANDSOME, MOTHER?



SO, SECONDS LATER---

I'M WAITIN' RIGHT HERE UNTIL HE COMES OUT AND THEN I'LL ---

COOK, LOOK! THERE HE GOES! HE MUSTA COME OUT THE SIDE DOOR!



COME BACK AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, Y' HEEL!

HEY, HOW ABOUT THAT, COOKIE? HE'S AFRAID OF YA! I'LL BET THAT JERK CAN'T PUNCH HIS WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!





WHEN THAT DOPE WITHERSPOON
OPENS THE VAULT, WE SLUG
HIM, CLEAN OUT THE
VAULT AND TAKE A POWDER!
GOT IT, BOYS?

RIGHT, SULTAN --
HAW! I MEAN,
TRIGGER!

HOLY HANNAH!
THEY'RE
CROOKS!

LET'S GET
THE COPS!

FIRE
ESCAPE

LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN HEAR ANYMORE,
JIT!

WHAT'S
THAT?

MUST BE SLIMY
SLIM! OPEN
THE DOOR!

KLUNK

HEY!

OW!

IT'S THAT FRESH KID AND HIS FRIEND! THEY
MUST'VE OVERHEARD US! ... GRAB 'EM, HARRY,
WE'LL HAVE TO SILENCE THEM!

I'VE GOT 'EM COVERED!

WHAT'LL I DO
BOSS, CONK 'EM?

LOCK 'EM UP IN THAT
CLOSET UNTIL I CAN
MAKE UP MY MIND!

N-NOW LOOK,
FELLAS! WE-WE...

SHUT UP AND GET IN THIS
CLOSET, BEFORE I GET SORE!

HEY! I THINK I CAN
GET US OUT OF
THIS -- IT'S WORTH A
CHANCE, ANYWAY!



GET SET, JIT!

?



YIPE!

THIS IS IT, CRUM! YOU'RE GONNA MAKE LIKE A WHIRLING DERVISH!

WHIRR

ZOOM!



HALP!

C'MON, RUN! GET WITH IT!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YA!

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AFTER THEM, YOU FOOL! IF THEY GET AWAY, WE'RE FINISHED!

THEY DON'T DARE SHOOT AT US, JIT! THEY'D GIVE THEMSELVES A--- YIPE! KNIVES THEY'VE GOT!

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ULP! THIS HALL'S A DEAD END!

OUT THE WINDOW, YA JERK! THERE MUST BE A FIRE ESCAPE THERE! ...THAT GUY'S RIGHT ON OUR HEELS!

FIRE EXIT

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HOLY COW! HE'S GONNA GET US, COOKIE! HERE HE COMES!

PRIVATE ALLEY HOTEL

STREET OF



HEY, JOE! I'M READY TO START WELDIN' ANYTIME YOU GUYS GET THAT CABLE TO ME!

COME HERE AND HELP US WITH IT!

PRIVATE ALLEY MOTEL



QUICK, JIT! GET OUT OF THE WAY! I'VE GOT AN ANGLE!

I'M OUTA THE WAY! BUT MAKE IT FAST... HE'S HALF-WAY DOWN!

POP!



HEY, KEEN IDEA, COOKIE! NOW I DIG YA! THAT EVEN COMES ON BETTER THAN THE TOP-SPINNIN' PITCH!

SSSSSS



YEOW!



OW! OW! MY HANDS! OW!

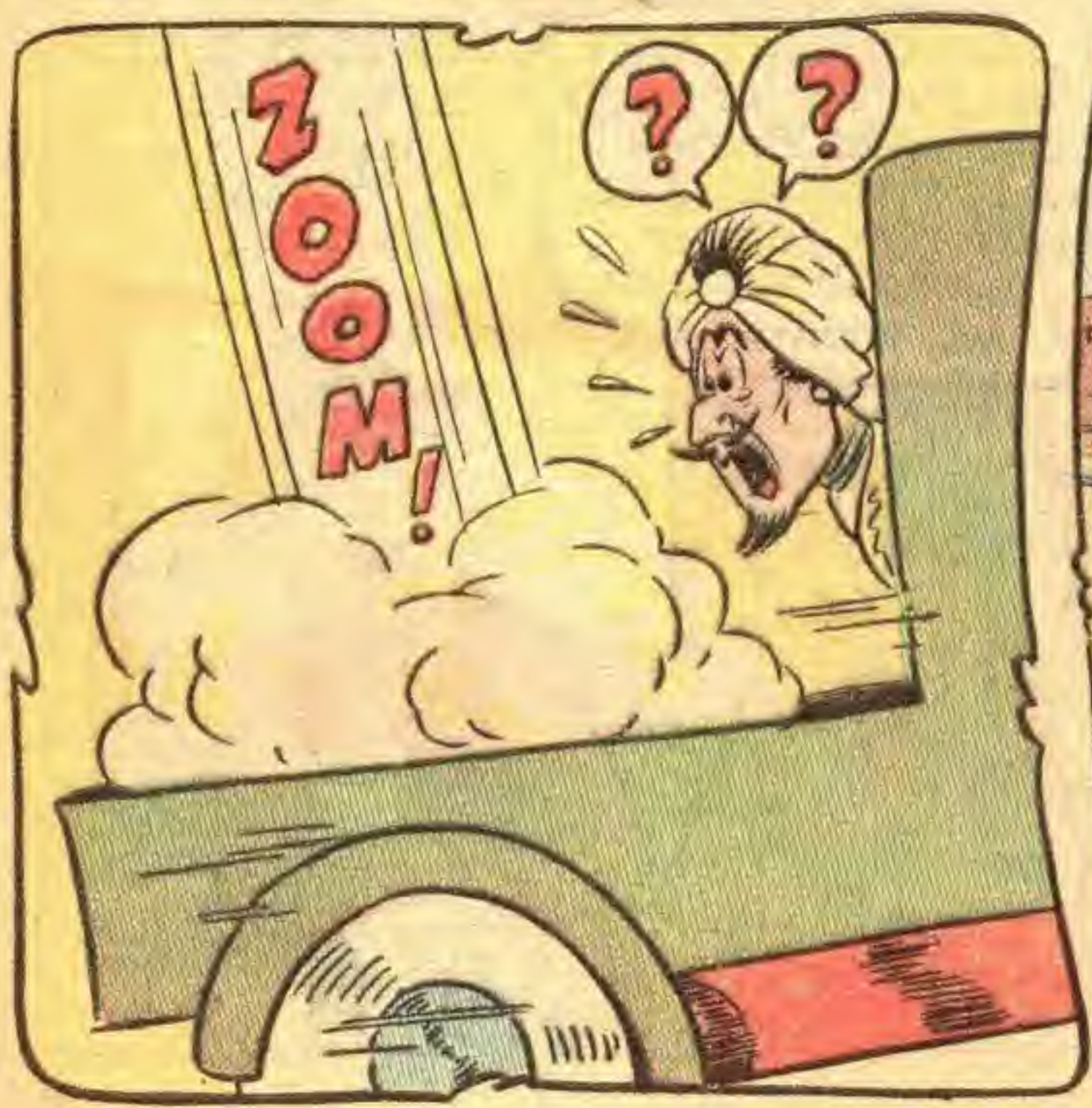
LOOKS LIKE I MADE IT KINDA HOT FOR GUNGA DIN!... HE WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE, JIT!

KEEN! LET'S GO GET THE COPS NOW!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANYTHING EXCEPT COLD AND STIFF...AND NOT FROM DRINKING ICE WATER, EITHER!

YIPE! IT'S THE SULTAN... IN PERSON!



MEANWHILE...

I TELL YA THEY
DISAPPEARED RIGHT
BEFORE MY EYES!

LOOK, IT'S ALMOST
7 O'CLOCK NOW! WE
CAN MEET THE OLD
GENT AT THE BANK
AND GET OUT OF TOWN
BEFORE THOSE TWO KIDS
CAN CAUSE US TROUBLE!



NOW BACK TO COOKIE AND JIT, AT THE POLICE STATION...

...AND WHEN MR. WITHERSPOON
OPENS THE VAULT,
**THEY'RE GONNA
CLEAN IT OUT!**

NO TIME TO WARN
WITHERSPOON NOW!
WE BETTER GO RIGHT
TO THE BANK!

IT'S SULTAN SAM!...
ALIAS TRIGGER TOM!



OKAY, DROP THE DOUGH! WE'VE GOT YOU, SULTAN!

JEEPERS,
WE'RE IN
TIME!



AND SO...

UNFORTUNATELY,
THERE *ISN'T*!

COOKIE, THANKS TO
YOU AND JIT, YOU SAVED
ME FROM BEING THE
LAUGHING-STOCK OF THIS
TOWN! CHIEF, I HOPE
THERE'S A REWARD FOR
THOSE CROOKS! THE BOYS
DESERVE ONE!

I DON'T CARE!
JUST GETTIN'
ANGELPUSS
BACK IS REWARD
ENOUGH FOR
ME!



LATER...

WELL, IF YOU GOT ANGEL FOR A REWARD,
THEN POOR JIT GETS NOTHING! SO I'LL GIVE
HIM TEN DOLLARS MYSELF AS HIS REWARD!

HEY, KEEN!



AW, C'MON, JIT! CAN'T
YOU BUY ME AT LEAST
ONE MALT? AFTER
ALL, Y'WOULDN'T HAVE
GOT THAT LOOT IF
Y'HADN'T COME WITH
ME TODAY!

GET LOST, BUSTER!
YOU SAID YOU WERE
SATISFIED WITH **JUST**
GETTIN' ANGEL BACK
...REMEMBER?



THE END!

PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!



THAT'S AN
IMPORTANT
TRAINING
FACT!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF
WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic
power? There's one of those in *every*
WHEATIES flake—already to spark you
every day.

IRON

ENERGY

VITAMINS



BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

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address and
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Wheaties box!



Jit's WRONG NUMBER

A DEEP SIGH brought Jitterbuck's chest all the way up to his chin. "Ah, darn the rotten luck anyhow!" he said, kicking at the carpet. "Might's well call Cookie an' tell him to check me out!"

There was good cause for the misery that filled Jit's bosom. Here it was Saturday night, almost, the night of the gala dance, and he had nary a doll nor chick to drag to the festivities! Not a one! Though he'd called so many girls that his dad threatened to hold him responsible for the phone bill, Jit couldn't get a date!

"Must be somethin' wrong with me or...or...somethin'!" he muttered gloomily, as he dialed Cookie's number. "Well, I'll hafta tell Cook there'll be at least *one* empty seat in the ol' jalop tonight!"

At the other end of the line, a phone rang twice. Jit heard the receiver being lifted. In an effort to sound cheerful, he put a smile in his greeting. "Hi, Cook!"

"I...I beg your pardon?" The answering voice was puzzled and uncertain. What's more, it *wasn't* Cookie's!

Jit, a little unsure, asked, "Is Cookie O'Toole there?"

Again the voice, very soft and musical, with a sort of depressed sound to it, as though the owner were unhappy. "I'm afraid you have the wrong number!"

"Oh, sorry. Hope I haven't disturbed you, Miss," Jit said.

"That's all right." A deep sigh followed, so closely matching Jit's mood that his hand wavered in midair. He had been about to hang up, but...

"Look, Miss," he gulped, "this might sound kinda fresh, but my name's Jitterbuck Jones...that's my nickname, see...and we've lived in town a long time...maybe your pop knows mine or somethin'...and if you're fifteen or six-

teen years old...I mean...there's a dance tonight and...I'll be right over!"

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Jones so much as flickered an eyelash as their son shot out of the house like a jet plane taking off, slamming doors as he whizzed by! Nor did they so much as blink when, a half-hour later, he returned like a jet plane zooming down to earth, a radiant smile on his face, a melodic whistle on his lips.

"Hi, mom! Hi, dad! She's *pretty*! How do you like that for a wrong number? She's really a right number, though, 'cause I'm takin' her to the dance! Her folks say it's okay, even though we did meet when I called Cookie but made a mistake! Wow! What a doll!"

Dashing up the stairs, three at a time, Jit fell to bathing and brushing with more energy than he'd ever shown. And though neither of his parents had understood one word of his strange story, they never raised an eyebrow between them! After all, was there *anything* that Jit could do that would surprise them?

Gleaming and beaming, Jit came down the steps again, all spruced up for his date. "G'night, folks, I'll be home early," he said.

"Have a good time, son," dad said.

"Have fun," mother said.

In a happy haze, Jit left the house, which settled into a state of quiet behind him. But then, the front door flew open and Jit flew in, breezing across the living room towards the phone. "There's somethin' I meant to do before I left!" he said. Picking up the phone, he deliberately kissed it, a loud, enthusiastic smack.

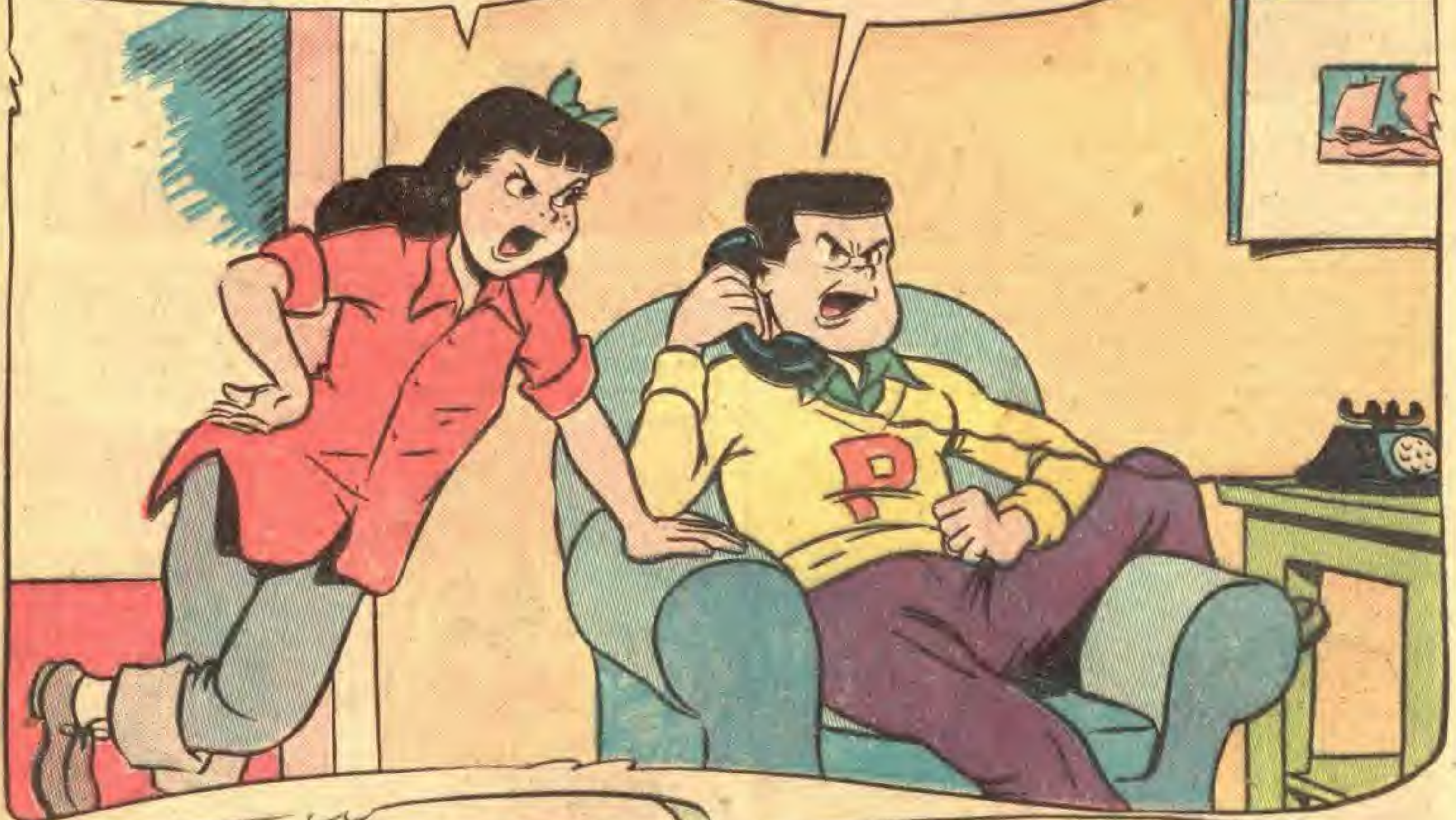
"G'night, mom...g'night, dad!"

And for once, *both* Mr. and Mrs. Jones looked astonished!

KID SISTER

C'MON! C'MON! GET OFFA THE PHONE, ROMEO! QUIT TALKIN' MUSH STUFF, AND HANG UP! I'VE GOTTA MAKE AN IMPORTANT CALL TO MY CHUM THELMA!

JUST A MINUTE, LOVE-DOLL! GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'! HOLD THE AMECHE!-- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



GET LOST, SMALL FRY! IF YA WANT TO YATA-TEE-YAT WITH YOUR CRADLE-DWELLIN' FRIENDS, JUMP ON YOUR KIDDIE-CAR AND RIDE OVER AND SEE 'EM! NOW BEAT IT-- YA GET IN MY HAIR!

BAW! MO-TH-ER!!! SQUARE-HEAD IS HOGGIN' THE PHONE AGAIN! MO-THER!!!





CAN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL YOUR BROTHER'S FINISHED, CAROLINE?

NO! BY THAT TIME, MY GIRL FRIEND THELMA WILL BE GROWN UP AND MARRIED AND LIVING IN A DIFFERENT TOWN! BAW!



BESIDES, HE'S TALKIN' LOVE AN' MUSH STUFF, AND POP TOLD HIM NOT TO DO IT ANY MORE! THE PEOPLE ON OUR PARTY LINE ALLUS THINK IT'S POP TALKIN' TO A SECRET GIRL-FRIEND!

HMM! THAT'S RIGHT!



TIMOTHY, YOUR FATHER TOLD YOU NOT TO USE AFFECTIONATE TERMS ON THE PHONE-- AND YOU'RE DOING IT! NOW I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO HANG UP IMMEDIATELY!

≡ GULP ≡
Y-YES, MA'AM!
ER-- AH-- 'BYE.
BABS. SEE
YA LATER! I
GOTTA GO
NOW!



SO YA WENT AND TATTLED, HUH? Y' HADDA GO BLAB! OKAY, I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON SOMETIME, Y' LITTLE MONSTER!

GO BLOW YOUR WIG SOMEPLACE ELSE, BUSTER! YOU AGGRAVATE MY ALLERGY!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, TIM?

DOWN TO THE COKERY TO DRINK COKES AND TRY TO FORGET A CERTAIN REVOLTING, ALLEGED HUMAN BEING!



HI, TIM! WHAT'S WITH YOU? YA COME ON LIKE A SAD LAD!

IT'S THAT PEA-BRAINED KID SISTER OF MINE! HOLY COW, HOW CAN ONE JERK BE SUCH A PAIN IN THE NECK?

DON'T ASK ME! S'HELP ME, THAT ONE OF MINE AIN'T HUMAN! SHE WEARS MY SHIRTS, EATS TWICE AS MUCH AS ANYBODY ELSE, AND SPENDS THE REST OF THE TIME TRYIN' TA GET ME IN TROUBLE!

YEAH, THAT'S JUST THE WAY MINE IS! GIRL CREEPS LIKE THAT OUGHT TO BE PUT ON AN ISLAND TILL THEY GROW UP!



SPEAKIN' OF THE BLACK PLAGUE, LOOKIT THE EPIDEMIC THAT JUST BLEW IN THE DOOR! YOU BETTER GET **VACCINATED**, BUSTER-- IT'S THAT **GERM** THAT AFFECTS YOU!



HOLY COW! I LEFT THE HOUSE TA GET AWAY FROM YOU, AND NOW YA TAG ME DOWN HERE! I S'POSE YOU'RE GONNA SPY ON ME TO SEE HOW MANY COKES I DRINK SO YA CAN SQUAWK FOR AN ALLOWANCE AS BIG AS MINE!

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT, DOUBLE-UGLY, BUT IT'S A GOOD IDEA!-- BRING ME A DOUBLE MALT IN THE BOOTH, SPIKE!



WELL, DIG HER! --"BRING ME A MALT IN THE BOOTH, SPIKE!"-- YOU'D THINK SHE WAS QUEEN ELIZABETH OR SOMETHIN'!

WHYNTCHA GO HOME AN' PLAY WITH YOUR DOLLS OR SOMETHIN'-- INSTEAD OF HAUNTIN' ME!

I DON'T HAVE TA! I'M MEETIN' THELMA AND HER COUSIN FROM SPARTAN CITY IN A COUPLE O' SECS, AND I CAN STAY HERE IF I WANT, KNOT-HEAD!



HI, CAROLINE!

LET'S FINISH OUR COKES AN' GET OUTA HERE! -- IT'S GETTIN' DEPRESSIN'!

HI! C'MON, I'M JUST HAVIN' A MALT!



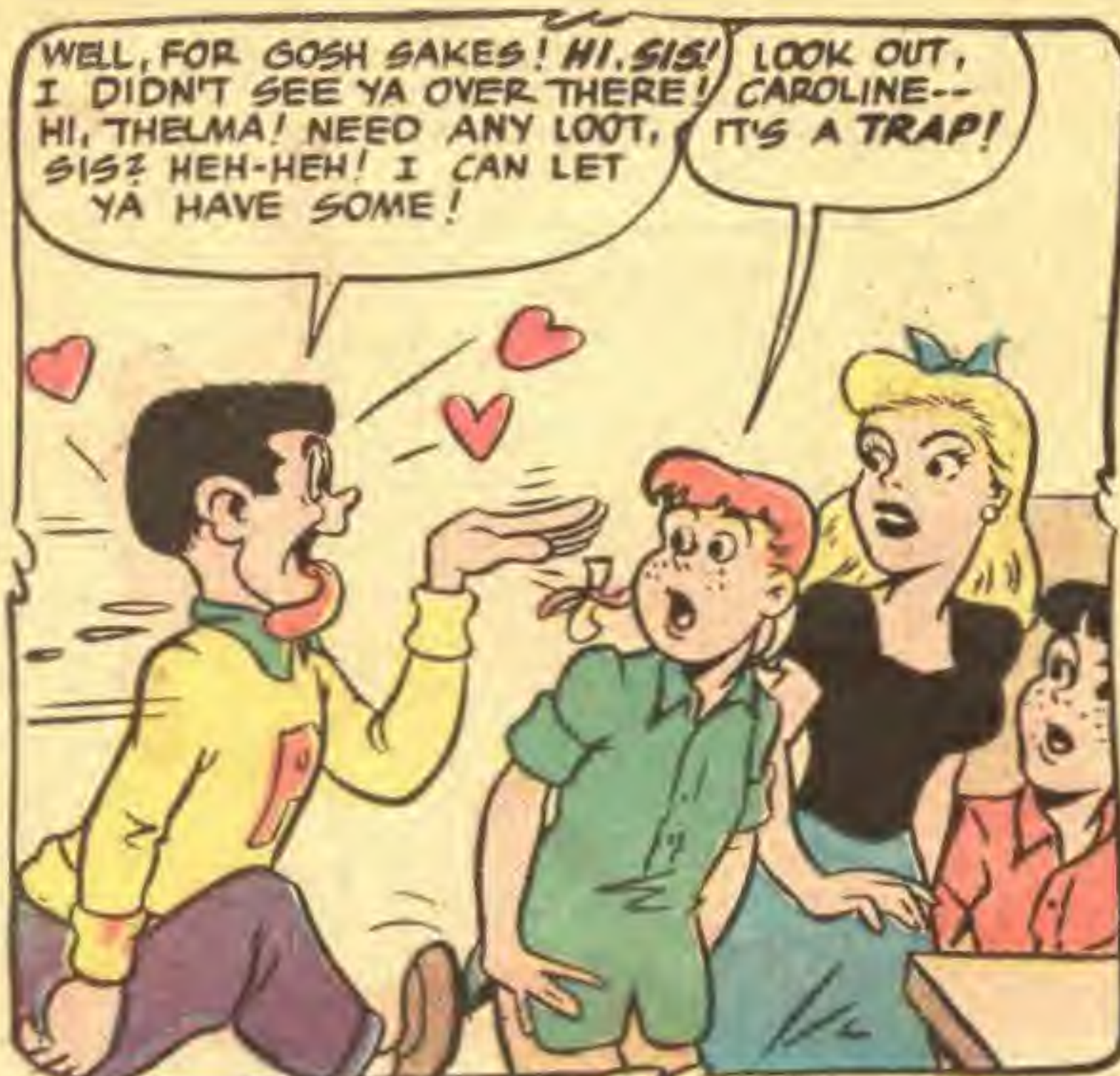
LOOKY, LOOKY, LOO-O-O-O-KY!

CAROLINE, THIS IS MY COUSIN TESS FROM SPARTAN CITY!

GOLLY! HI, TESS! SIT DOWN, KIDS!

HELLO, CAROLINE!





NOTHIN', SIS! NOTHIN'!
I JUST REALIZED HOW
MUCH I REALLY
LIKED YA!

YEAH!-- SO ARE YA GONNA?

LIKED ME?

GONNA
WHAT?

HEY, NOW I
GET IT! I GET IT!
IT'S TESS THAT'S
THE BIG
ATTRACTION!

GONNA ASK THELMA
AND HER COUSIN
OVER FOR SUPPER?

SORRY, DOUBLE-UGLY!
I JUST CAN'T BRING
MYSELF TO ASK
'EM OVER!

AW, SIS! LISTEN!
LISTEN, PLEASE!
LOOK, I'LL BUY YA
A MALT!

I JUST
HAD ONE!

I'LL GIVE YA A COUPLA
MY DORSEY PLATTERS!

WHAT ELSE?

WHAT ELSE? HOLY COW,
WHAT ELSE HAVE I
GOT T' GIVE YA?

I DUNNO! LET'S
GO HOME AND
FIND OUT!

SO...

HEY! THIS SHIRT IS
SUPER, DOUBLE-UGLY!
I'LL TAKE IT, TOO!

WHAT??? OH, NO! NOT THAT,
TOO! I--I--ULP! OKAY,
BUT YUH GOTTA CALL NOW!

IT'S A DEAL,
O'NEIL!

Minutes Later---

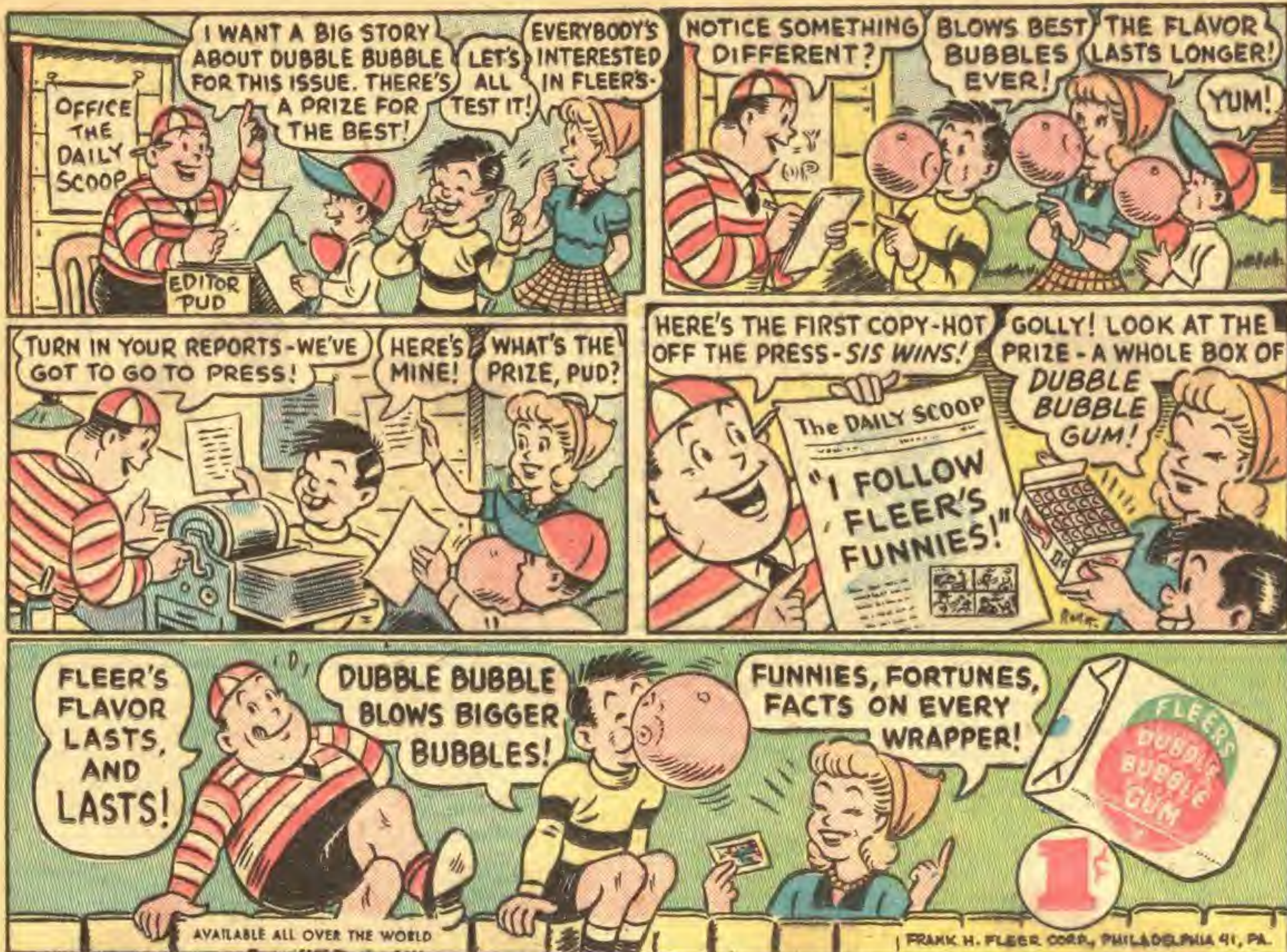
MO-THER! WOULD IT BE
ALL RIGHT IF THELMA
BRINGS ONE MORE IN
ADDITION TO HER COUSIN?
SOMEONE ELSE IS
VISITING THERE
TOO!

CERTAINLY, DEAR!
THERE'S PLENTY!

WOW! I'M IN
LIKE
SCHWINN!

GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL!
GONNA MEET HER AT
SEVEN!





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Read **AMERICAN!**

SKITCH

HOLY HEP!
I HAVE TO PART
WITH THIS BUCK
FOR A HAIR-
CUT!

ME, TOO!

YOU'RE
NOT ALONE!
I GOTTA COUGH
UP MY LOOT,
TOO!

MAN! MAN!
IF WE DIDN'T
HAVE TA PART
WITH OUR LOOT,
WE COULD GET
OUR CHICKS, GO
DOWN TO THE JUKERY
AND **REALLY COOK
UP A STORM** WITH
THREE PIECES
OF GOLD!

HEY! YOU CATS
ALLUS GET A
FLAT-TOP "BUTCH"
HAIRCUT, LIKE
I DO---
DON'TCHA?

SURE!
WHY?

BECUZZ I KNOW
HOW WE CAN GET OUR
"BUTCH" HAIRCUTS,
AND **KEEP OUR LOOT!**

NO KIDDIN' ?
WELL, LET'S
GET WITH
IT!

MINUTES LATER----

RIGHT WITH
YA, SKITCH!

HURRY UP WITH
THOSE NAIL
KEGS, CATS!
I'VE GOT THE
BOARDS, AND
WE'RE READY
TO START!

LATER....

HEY! **THANKS,
SKITCH!** SEE YOU
CATS AT THE JUKERY!

REET! SOON'S I
FINISH JOE, HE'LL DO
ME, AND WE'LL BE
RIGHT WITH YA!

HEY, **KEEN,** HEY! THIS
IS **TWICE** AS FAST AS A
BARBER COULD GIVE ME
A "BUTCH"--AND IT'S
JUST AS **GOOD!**

THE END

COOKIE *and the* MASTER BRAIN

COOKIE WAS TAKING Angelpuss Witherspoon to the movies, a combination of a girl and activity that made him very happy! What was more wonderful than Friday night, with a great, big weekend ahead of you, a brand-new movie to see, and the girl of your dreams on your arm! It was keen, it was super, it was terrific...

Only Angel *wasn't* on his arm! She had suddenly walked off to look at a large poster in front of the Bijou. "Look at this," she called to Cookie. "He's making a special appearance tonight! His name is...Mr. Brain!"

Cookie resented the light in Angel's eyes as she stared at the picture on the poster. Mr. Brain appeared to be a tall, slim man in faultless evening attire, his eyes dark and intense in his handsome, brooding face. His hands were upraised, all ten fingers stretched in front of him, as though about to seize two handfuls of air.

"Aah, hypnotists!" Cookie said scornfully. "They're a big bunch o' fakes, Angel! Bet'cha he couldn't hypnotize a...a.../ly!"

His voice petered out weakly as he and Angel found a pair of seats and seated themselves in the theater just as the curtain rose on the very man of the poster picture! Mr. Brain was even more intense than his picture represented him to be, and his voice was like soothing syrup, rolling out in rippling waves towards his audience.

"If I could have some volunteers..." he coaxed. Two boys and a middle-aged man joined Mr. Brain on the stage. Raising his hands so that his fingers stretched towards them, he hypnotized them, and ordered the middle-aged man to recite a poem.

To the vast amusement of the audience, the gentleman recited "The

Village Blacksmith" with many gestures, and a squeaky voice such as he must have had as a lad. Then Mr. Brain ordered one of the boys to do a triple somersault, which he did, while the third volunteer imitated a clucking hen at the hypnotist's command.

Everyone applauded wildly, especially Angelpuss, who kept saying, "Isn't he handsome? Isn't he clever? Isn't he wonderful?"

"G'wan, he's a phoney!" Cookie snorted. "Whaddaya bet all those people were stooges, who were just makin' out they were hypnotized? Mr. Brain, huh! Nothin' but a lot of tricks an' crooked..."

"Your attention, please!" Mr. Brain was addressing the audience, a hurt look on his lean face. "I have reason to believe that there is one among you who *doubts* the truth of my art! This pains me, ladies and gentlemen! Something tells me that this doubter's name is...can it really be?...Cookie O'Toole! I beg Mr. O'Toole to let me convince him that there is nothing pre-arranged in my performance!"

"There! You see?" Angel whispered. "Go ahead, Cookie, it's only fair!"

As Cookie moved towards the stage, determined not to allow Mr. Brain to hypnotize him, he had no idea that in the balcony, Zoot was bent double with laughter! Nor had he any idea that Zoot had sent Mr. Brain a note, after spotting Cookie in the audience! "Boy, will he make a fool of himself in front of Angel!" Zoot howled.

Onstage, Cookie faced Mr. Brain. "Ready?" asked Mr. Brain, his fingers curving towards Cookie. Resist as he might, Cookie's lids became heavier and heavier and his thoughts seemed to be far, far away. "You will entertain our friends by singing and dancing!"

the hypnotist ordered.

And Cookie obeyed! He sang, so loudly that no microphone was necessary. He also did an imitation of Fred Astaire. In fact, he had such a swell time, trance or no trance, that he had to be dragged off the stage so that the movie might begin! Mr. Brain, recalling him to real life once more, said he'd never seen anyone go under so fast! "It's as though you were half-asleep to begin with!" he said.

On the way home from the movies, Cookie discovered a new respect for the art of hypnotism. "It's a science, see?" he told Angel. "Boy, it must be great to be able to do things like that!"

Even after he'd seen Angel home and was on his way to his own house, Cookie continued to reflect on the miraculous performance he'd seen that night. "I'd give plenty to be able to...who's that?" he called.

A tall, lean figure stepped out from Cookie's own doorway.

"Mr. Brain!" there was awe in Cookie's voice.

"My boy, I have sought you out because you have a talent that is rare! How would you like to learn the art of hypnosis...to be my assistant?"

"Gee!" Cookie's answer was unmistakable agreement.

Mr. Brain's eyes burned, his fingers stretched towards Cookie. Cookie's lids grew heavy. "What is your command, master?" he asked.

"You will retire as usual, calling no attention to yourself!" Mr. Brain ordered. "At midnight, you will awaken, dress quietly and steal out of the house. I will be waiting for you! You will then lead me to the home of the richest man in this town! Go!"

Cookie went! Following Mr. Brain's orders without a hitch, he went to sleep and slept soundly until midnight. Then, still in a trance, he arose, dressed, and stole silently from the house.

"Here I am!" Mr. Brain's voice was

a whisper. "Lead on!"

Obediently, Cookie turned his footsteps towards the Witherspoon home. Undoubtedly, Angel's pop was the richest man in town. The strange pair crossed the Witherspoon lawn in complete silence. "In through a window," commanded Mr. Brain. Quietly, they entered the living room, the carpet cushioning their footsteps.

"Help me gather up these things!" the master-mind hissed. "Hurry!" He had started to collect silver ornaments from the tables. "Hurry!"

Suddenly, Cookie's eyes flew open and he yelled loudly, "No!" With one leap, he was upon the hypnotist, slugging away for all he was worth! "Help! Somebody! Burglars!" he yelled.

Mr. Witherspoon, struggling into a bathrobe, came dashing down the steps, and after him, Mrs. Witherspoon! And there was Angel, her hair in curlers, but looking like her name in a flowing housecoat.

Mr. Brain tried to shake Cookie off, to dash to a window, but Cookie clung and pummeled away, forcing the master-mind to the floor. By this time, Mr. Witherspoon had called the police, his voice so loud that the phone wasn't even necessary!

By the time Mr. Brain was arrested, Mrs. Witherspoon was no longer faint, Mr. Witherspoon was shaking Cookie's hand and calling him a brave lad, and Angel was standing on tip-toe to kiss him worshipfully.

Only Mr. Brain was baleful and angry. He had forgotten one of the first rules of hypnosis. And that was that people will never do anything under hypnosis that they would not do while completely conscious. "I figured you were half-conscious to start with!" he snarled at Cookie.

"Well, you were *wrong*!" Angel retorted. "For your information, Cookie O'Toole is a hero...my hero!" And this time, Cookie kissed Angel!

COOKIE

ER... UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM
TO P-PUBLIC SPEAKIN'...

SCHOOL
ASSEMBLY
10 A.M.
COOKIE O'TOOLE
WILL TALK ON
TALKING

COWARD!

HI, COOKIE! TICKLIN' THE
ADENOIDS WITH CRUSHED
ICE CREAM, HUH?

IF YA MEAN AM I
HAVIN' A MALT...
THE ANSWER'S YES,
JITTERBUCK!

ERKERIE
SODA

ER... MISTER JERK! GET OUT
YOUR MALLET AND START BEATIN'
BLAZES OUT SOME OF THAT
STIFF CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED
STUFF FOR ME TOO, HUH?

SAVE THE FUNNY
TALK, FUNNY MAN!
JUST ASK FOR A
MALT AND LET IT
GO AT THAT!



SODA

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!
OUT YA GO... BOTH OF YA!



HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE DOWN ON THE KNEES JAZZ?
DON'T TELL ME YOU CATS ARE PLAYIN' MARBLES!
---KINDA OLD FOR THAT, AREN'TCHA?

SODA
JERKERIE



DIG THIS, BUSTER! YOU WON'T
FEEL IN SUCH A JOVIAL
MOOD WHEN WE TELL YA
WHY WE WERE IN THAT
POSITION!

YEAH! CHICK
JUST GAVE US
THE BOUNCEROO,
HEP!



WHAT'M I G'POSED TO DO, GO INTO MOURNING?
---SORRY, CHARACTERS, BUT I'M JUST AS HAPPY AS
EVER! ---NOW IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, I'M GOIN'
IN AN' CHARGE A COKE!

BUT
HEP...

HOLD
IT,
COOKIE!



SECONDS LATER...

YA SEE?...BETTER HE SHOULD
LEARN THE HARD WAY!

DA



WELL, HOW DOES
LAUGHING BOY
FEEL NOW?

AW, SHUT UP! NOW THAT I
KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT,
IT'S SERIOUS...
PLENTY SERIOUS!





YEAH! JEEPER, WHAT ARE ALL WE CATS GONNA DO? THERE ISN'T **ONE KID** THAT HAS DOUGH ALL THE TIME!

I'VE GOT IT!

BLOOEY!



LOOK, WHY NOT CREATE A **BIG FUND** FOR THE USE OF ALL THE GANG?...YOU KNOW, A SORT OF **BANK ACCOUNT** THAT **ANYBODY** COULD DRAW ON!

A REAL GONE IDEA, JIT, BUT HOW DO YOU **CREATE** THAT FUND?...MAKE COUNTERFEIT MONEY?



'COURSE NOT! THAT'S WHERE **MY IDEA** COMES IN! WE KIDS GIVE A **BIG BANQUET** AND HIRE SOME **BIG SHOT GUEST SPEAKER** TO GIVE A TALK! ALL **WE** DO IS SELL TICKETS TO IT...AND KEEP ALL THE LOOT OVER AND ABOVE EXPENSES!

HMMM! ONLY **ONE CATCH**, JIT!



WHAT?

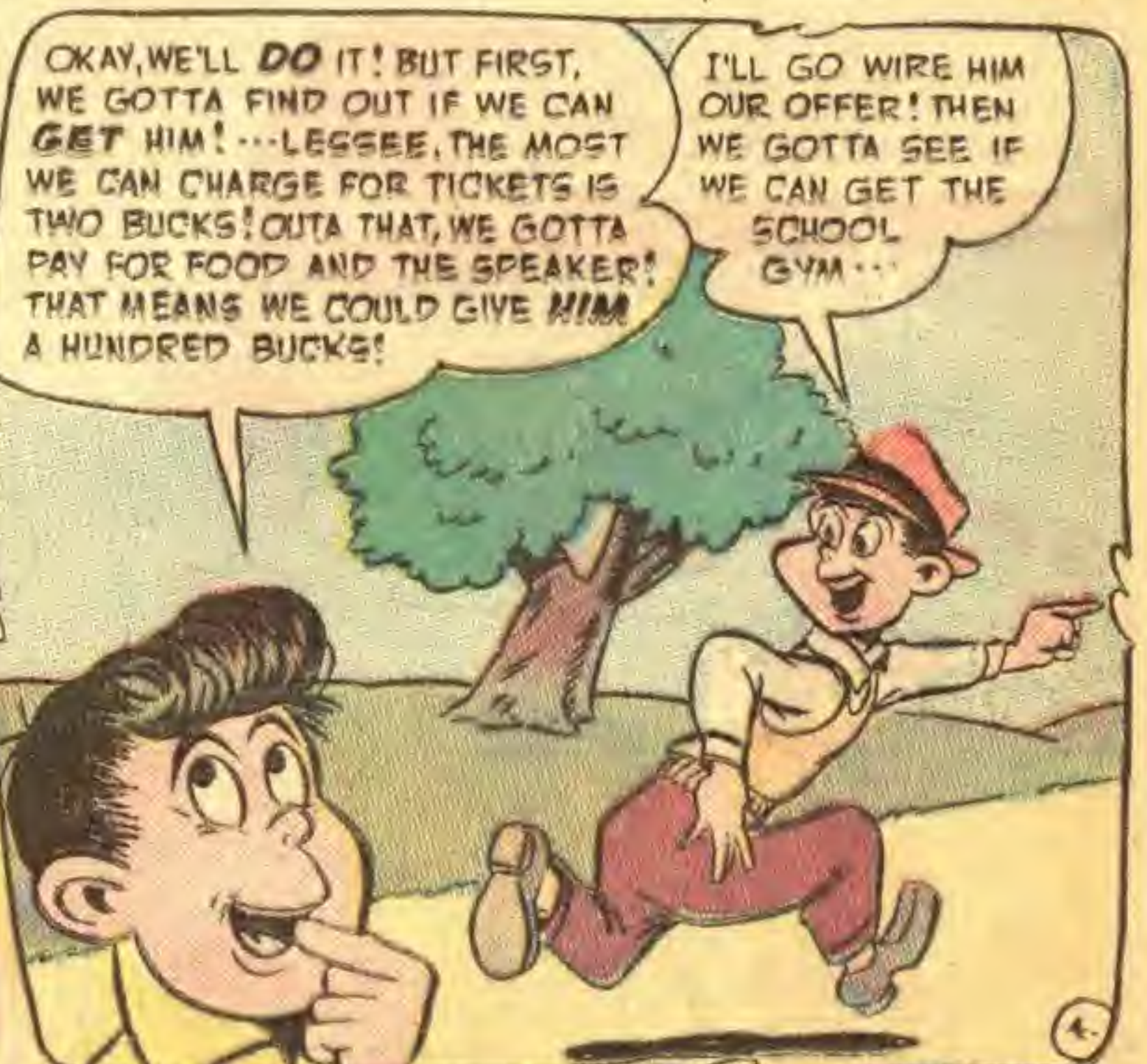
WHO CAN WE GET FOR A **GUEST SPEAKER** THAT'D MAKE PEOPLE WANTA **BUY TICKETS**?

THE COACH OF OUR STATE COLLEGE, THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPS... **THAT'S WHO!**



NOW! THAT'S IT, JIT! THERE ISN'T A **BUSINESSMAN** IN TOWN WHO WOULDN'T PAY TO HEAR **HIM**...AND EAT **TOO!**

SURE! AND HE COULD EVEN SHOW MOVIES, AND TELL HOW HE WON THE GAMES!



OKAY, WE'LL **DO IT!** BUT FIRST, WE GOTTA FIND OUT IF WE CAN **GET HIM!**...LESSEE, THE MOST WE CAN CHARGE FOR TICKETS IS TWO BUCKS! OUTA THAT, WE GOTTA PAY FOR FOOD AND THE SPEAKER! THAT MEANS WE COULD GIVE **HIM** A HUNDRED BUCKS!

I'LL GO WIRE HIM OUR OFFER! THEN WE GOTTA SEE IF WE CAN GET THE **SCHOOL GYM**...

HOLY COW, I HAVEN'T GOT THE **LOOT** TO SEND A WIRE! ... I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME AND CHARGE IT TO OUR PHONE AND PAY MY FOLKS FOR IT LATER!



HERE'S YER LAUNDRY, MA'AM!

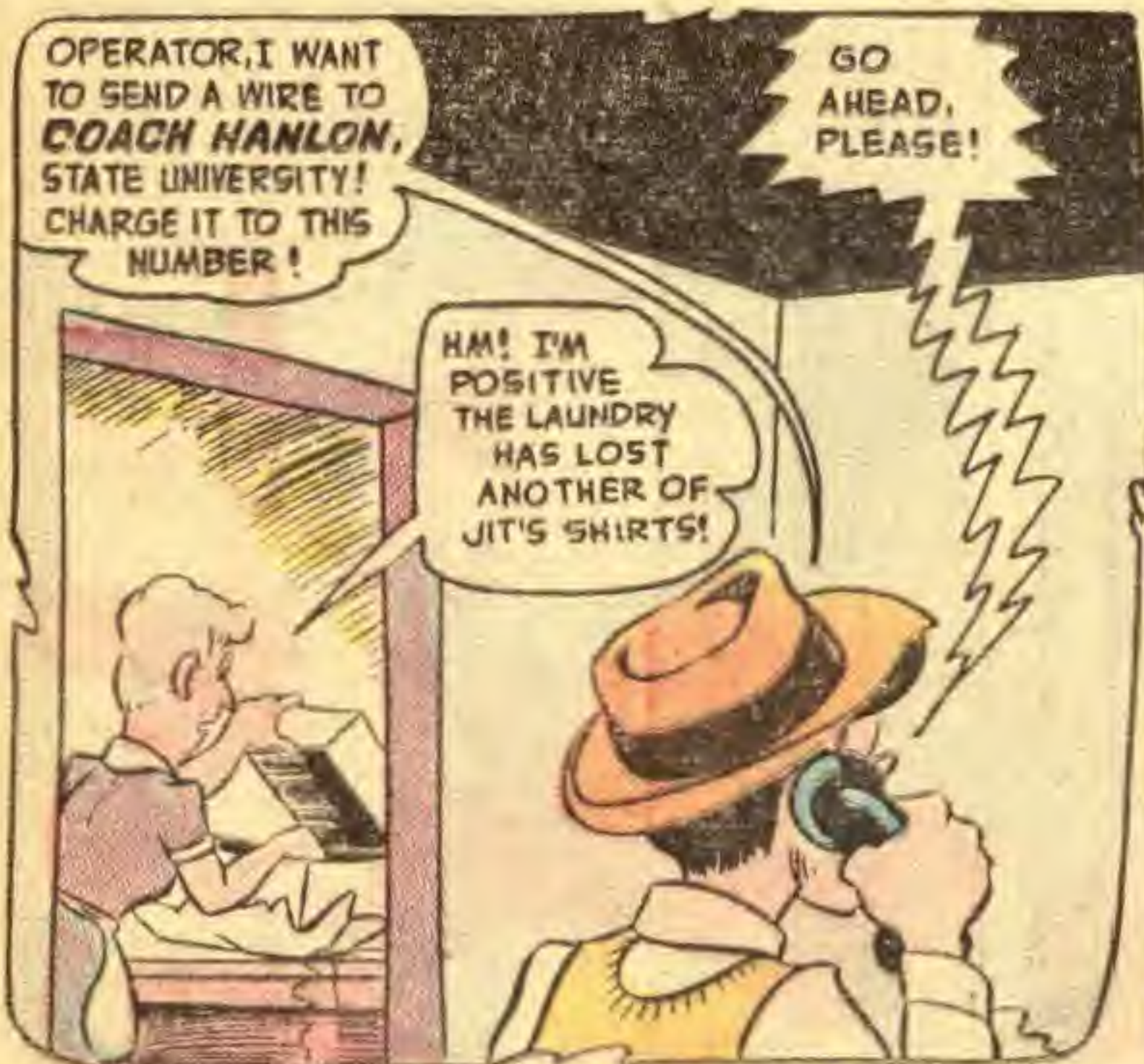
PARDON ME, MOM! I'M IN A **HURRY**!



OPERATOR, I WANT TO SEND A WIRE TO **COACH HANLON**, STATE UNIVERSITY! CHARGE IT TO THIS NUMBER!

GO AHEAD, PLEASE!

HM! I'M POSITIVE THE LAUNDRY HAS LOST ANOTHER OF JIT'S SHIRTS!



I'VE GOT IT WRITTEN OUT HERE... "WANT YOU FOR **SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT** AT LOCAL BANQUET. WILL YOU ACCEPT...

JIT! HOW MANY SHIRTS DID YOU SEND TO THE LAUNDRY?

TEN!



WHERE WAS I? ... OH, YEAH!

...HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR DOING IT? WIRE ANSWER TO **JITTERBUCK JONES**, 1331 GLEN PLACE, CITY!

I'LL READ IT BACK TO YOU! **COACH HANLON**, STATE...



NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! I'M A **BUZY MAN**! ... G'BYE!



CLICK!

MEANWHILE...

I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU TEEN-AGERS MAKING A REAL EFFORT TO HELP YOURSELVES AND DEVELOP YOUR BUSINESS ACUMEN!...BOYS, YOU CAN HOLD YOUR BANQUET IN THE GYM, **GRATIS!**

WOW! WE'RE IN LIKE SCHWINN! ALL WE NEED NOW IS AN ANSWER FROM OUR SPEAKER!

AND AT STATE UNIVERSITY...

WHAT'S THE WIRE ABOUT, COACH?

ANOTHER SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT...AND BELIEVE ME, THEY OFFER JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE EXPENSES! IT SAYS, "WILL YOU ACCEPT TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS?"...WELL, AS LONG AS I DON'T LOSE OUT, I MIGHT AS WELL DO IT!

PRINCIPAL

COACH HANLON

NOW BACK TO THE GANG IN COOKIE'S BACKYARD...

WOW! WOTTA DEAL!

WE CAN ALL PITCH IN ON THE TICKET-SELLING, COOKIE!

SURE, ANGELPUSS... BUT WE STILL GOTTA HEAR FROM THE COACH!

JIT, YOUR MOTHER'S ON THE PHONE! SAYS IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT A **WIRE!**

SECONDS LATER...

GANG! HE ACCEPTED THE HUNDRED BUCK OFFER!

THAT'S IT! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SELL TICKETS!

SO, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS...

PUFF...PUFF... MISTER, YA WANNA BUY A TICKET TO A BANQUET? COACH HANLON OF OUR NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPS IS GONNA BE THE SPEAKER!

HE IS? OKAY, KID! I'D PAY TWO BUCKS TO HEAR HIM **ANY** DAY!

I WON'T BUY ONE, YOUNG LADY, I'LL BUY TEN! THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WILL WANT TO HEAR HIM TOO!...THEY'RE ALL OLD GRADS!

WONDERFUL! THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR TICKETS!

WE'VE **DONE** IT, ANGELPUSS!

M. D. SHELL
PRESIDENT

NEXT DAY...

ZOWIE! I'VE PAID FOR ALL THE FOOD AND STUFF...AND WE'VE STILL GOT \$150 LEFT! AFTER WE PAY THE COACH, WE'LL HAVE 50 BUCKS LEFT FOR---

COOKIE! LOOK, SOMETHIN' AWFUL'S HAPPENED! I---I JUST GOT ANOTHER WIRE FROM COACH HANLON---

---AND---GULP---LISTEN TA THIS!---"MR. JITTERBUCK: PLEASE FORWARD IMMEDIATELY AT LEAST ONE-HALF OF MY FEE OF \$1,000 TO COVER TRANSPORTATION AND OTHER EXPENSES. WILL ACCEPT SECOND \$500 AT END OF LECTURE!"

A---A THOUSAND BUCKS! B-BUT HOLY HANNAH, WE ONLY OFFERED A HUNDRED! THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE MUSTA MADE A MISTAKE!

So...

IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU GOTTA MAKE UP THE 900 BUCK DIFFERENCE!

EASTERN TELEGRAPH

I TOOK THE WIRE MYSELF...AND HE DICTATED THE FOLLOWING!---"WANT YOU FOR SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT AT LOCAL BANQUET. WILL YOU ACCEPT TEN"--...THEN HE PAUSED AND FINALLY CONTINUED---"HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR DOING IT!"---TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, HE SAID!

YIKES! NOW I GET IT!

W-WHILE I WAS PHONIN' IN THE WIRE, MY MOM ASKED HOW MANY SHIRTS I SENT TO THE LAUNDRY, AN' I SAID TEN---THEN I FINISHED THE WIRE! SHE MUSTA HEARD ME SAY TEN!

OH, N-NO!

WHAT'S MORE, HE REFUSED A READ-BACK, WHICH WOULD'VE CAUGHT THE MISTAKE! WE'RE ABSOLVED OF ALL BLAME!

HOLY COW, ARE WE IN A BIG FAT MESS! WE CAN'T GIVE PEOPLE BACK THEIR MONEY, 'CAUSE IT'S SPENT! AN' WHAT'S WORSE, NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE IT'S A MISTAKE!--THEY'LL THINK IT'S ALL A BIG HOAX WE COOKED UP!

AND THE REST OF THE GANG WILL TEAR US APART WHEN THEY FIND OUT---THEY'VE KNOCKED THEIR BRAINS OUT ON THIS DEAL! WODDA WE GONNA DO, COOKIE?

GET AWAY FROM THIS TOWN AS FAR AND FAST AS POSSIBLE---GET JOBS, AND PAY BACK EVERY LAST CENT! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO STOW AWAY ON A PLANE---MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT TONIGHT!

BAW! I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE MY FOLKS AGAIN---BUT OKAY!



SO THAT NIGHT...AT THE AIRPORT...
I SENT A LETTER TO ANGELPUSS
EXPLAININ' EVERYTHING...AN' WITH
THE REST OF THE LOOT IN IT! BUT
SHE WON'T GET IT UNTIL **AFTER**
THE BANQUET!

WELL, I WIRED
COACH HANLON
AND CALLED OFF
THE DEAL...SO
**LET'S
GO!**



LOOK, JIT! FLIGHT 6 IS
COMIN' IN IN A COUPLA
MINUTES! WE'LL TRY TO
SNEAK ABOARD AN'...

CALLING FLIGHT 6!...
FLIGHT 6, DO NOT LAND
HERE! PROCEED TO CHICAGO!
SPECIAL FLIGHT FROM
MISSOURI MAKING EMERG-
ENCY FUEL LANDING HERE!
... OVER!

| FLIGHTS | | |
|---------|----------|----------|
| ARR. | | DEP. |
| 6 | 12:01 AM | 12:10 AM |
| 9 | 8:32 AM | 8:50 AM |
| 1 | 9 AM | |



OH, **FINE!** FLIGHT 6
ISN'T LANDING HERE...
NOW WHAT?

WE PILE ABOARD THE
SPECIAL FLIGHT THAT
IS LANDIN', YA BIRD-
BRAIN!...**COME
ON!**



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

JEEPERS, THEY GOT THAT SHIP GUARD-
ED LIKE IT WAS THE U.S. MINT! WE
HAVEN'T GOT A **CHANCE!**

YES, WE
HAVE!...
LOOK!



THEY'RE TAKIN' **FOOD** ABOARD...SO
IF WE CAN GET IN THAT TRUCK AN' HIDE
IN A FOOD CONTAINER, WE'RE **IN!**
...**HURRY!**



AND SO...
HERE SHE COMES
...EVERYTHING FROM
SOUP TA NUTS!

**GOOD DEAL! WE'RE
BEHIND SCHEDULE
NOW!**

GULP!

WHIR-RR!





G-GUNS! HOLY COW, YA DON'T SHOOT A GUY FOR JUST HOOKIN' A RIDE, DO YA?

WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS!... GET OUT!



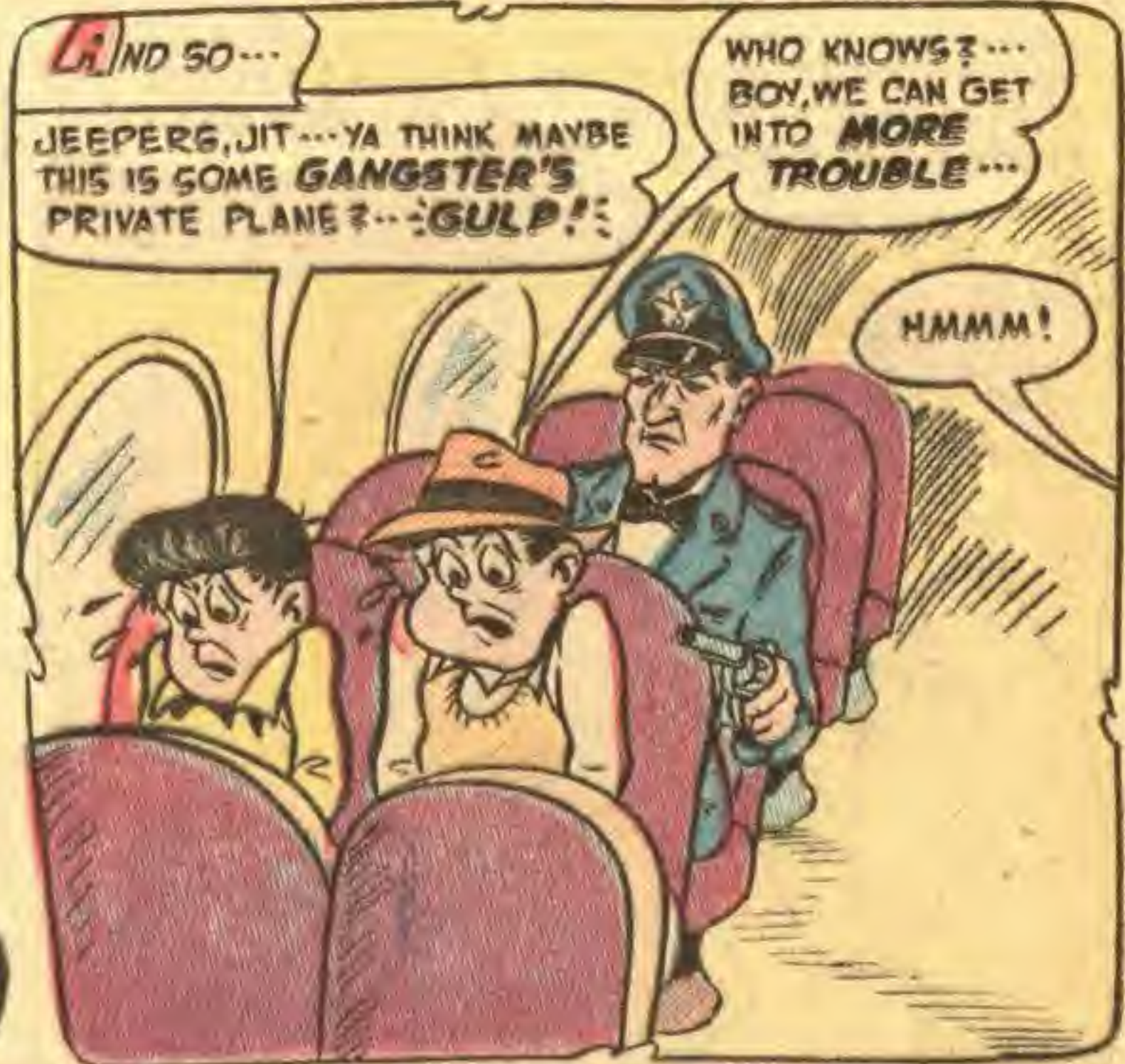
KEEP THEM COVERED, MAC, AND BRING THEM UP HERE IN THE CABIN!...I'LL NOTIFY THE PILOT TO LAND AT CLEVELAND!

JUST A MINUTE, GEORGE! WHAT'S GOING ON?



NOW DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! WE JUST FOUND TWO TEEN-AGE STOWAWAYS! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!...LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH, BUT WHY DID THEY PICK THIS PLANE?...JUST RELAX, CHIEF!

HMMM!



LAND SO...

JEEPERG, JIT...YA THINK MAYBE THIS IS SOME GANGSTER'S PRIVATE PLANE?...GULP!

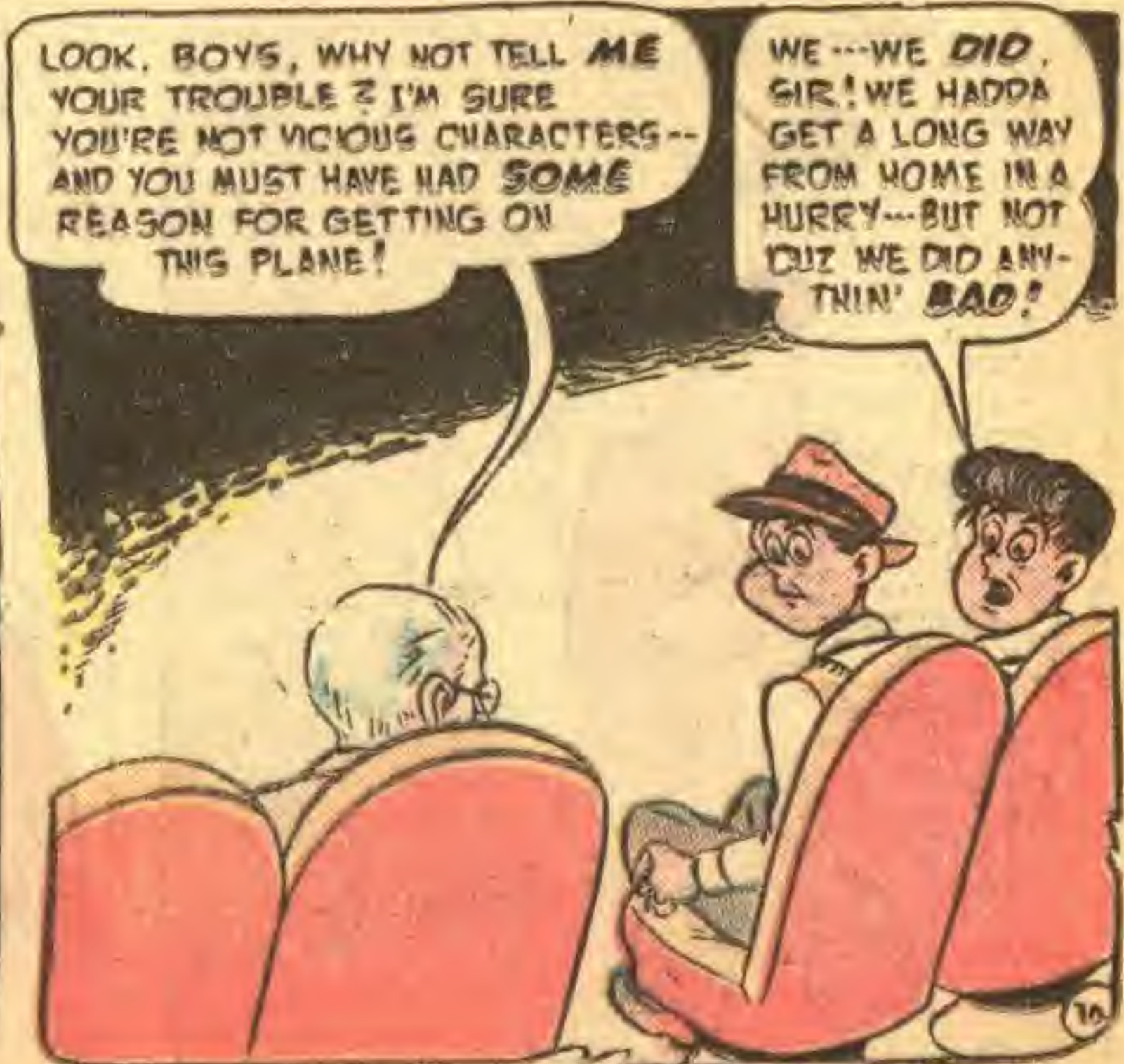
WHO KNOWS?... BOY, WE CAN GET INTO MORE TROUBLE...

HMMM!



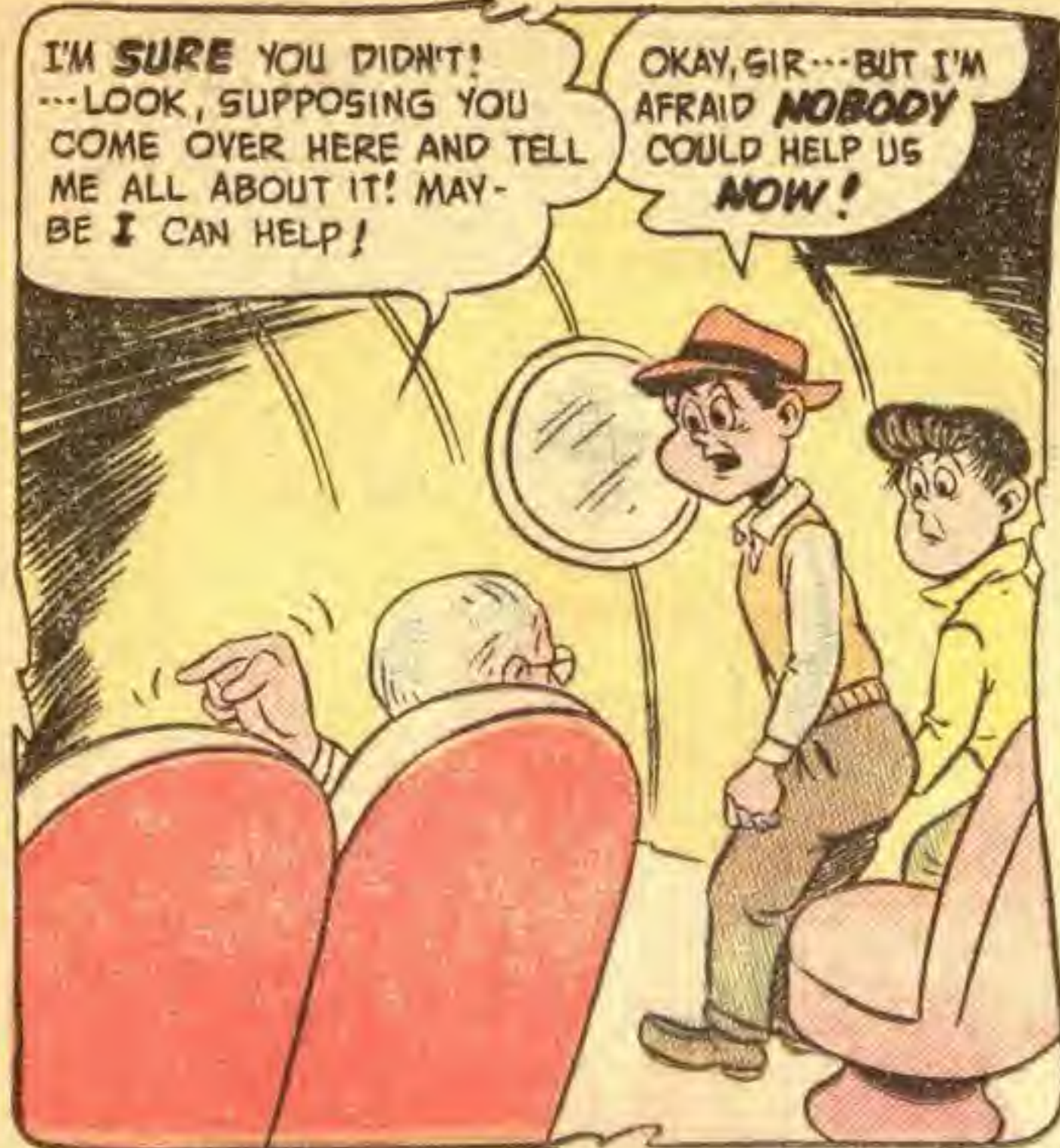
MAC, THESE BOYS DON'T LOOK TOO DANGEROUS TO ME! IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THEM! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING!

OKAY, CHIEF!



LOOK, BOYS, WHY NOT TELL ME YOUR TROUBLE? I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT VICIOUS CHARACTERS-- AND YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOME REASON FOR GETTING ON THIS PLANE!

WE...WE DID, SIR! WE HADDA GET A LONG WAY FROM HOME IN A HURRY...BUT NOT CUZ WE DID ANY-THIN' BAD!



I'M **SURE** YOU DIDN'T!
---LOOK, SUPPOSING YOU
COME OVER HERE AND TELL
ME ALL ABOUT IT! MAY-
BE I CAN HELP!

OKAY, SIR...BUT I'M
AFRAID **Nobody**
COULD HELP US
NOW!



SOMETIME LATER...

--- AND THAT'S
THE WAY IT
HAPPENED,
SIR!

BOYS, THE ONLY WAY TO
LICK TROUBLE IS TO
FACE IT...I KNOW
FROM **EXPERIENCE!**...
MAC, ORDER THE PILOT
TO RETURN TO THE CITY
THAT WE REFUELED
AT!

BUT CHIEF, THAT'S
HALF-A-DAY'S FLIGHT
BACK!

**DO
IT!**



GOOD GRIEF, HEP...WHERE
ARE COOKIE AND JIT...
AND THE COACH?

I DON'T **KNOW**, ANGEL-
PUSS! EVERYBODY'S
SCREAMIN' FOR THE
GUEST SPEAKER! WODDA
WE GONNA **DO?**

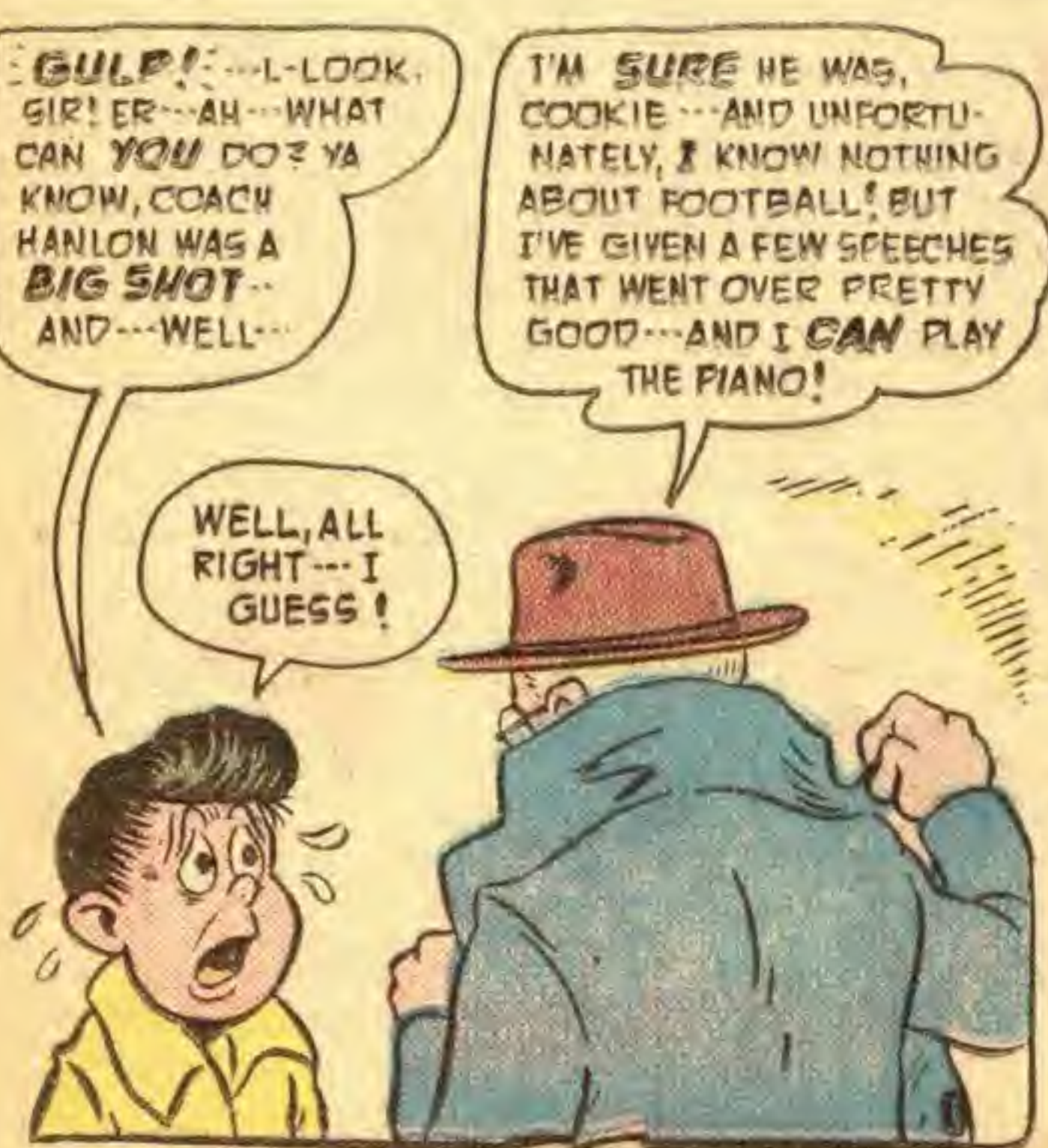
SPEECH!
SPEECH!



LIND JUST OUTSIDE...

HERE WE
ARE! **NOW**
WHAT?

NOW, COOKIE, I WANT YOU TO
GO OUT THERE AND TELL THEM
YOU'VE HAD TO GET A **SUBSTI-**
TUTE FOR THE COACH! THEN
I'LL DO MY BEST TO ENTERTAIN
THEM!



GULP!...L-LOOK,
SIR! ER...AH...WHAT
CAN YOU DO? YA
KNOW, COACH
HANLON WAS A
BIG SHOT--
AND...WELL...

I'M **SURE** HE WAS,
COOKIE...AND UNFORTU-
NATELY, I KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT FOOTBALL! BUT
I'VE GIVEN A FEW SPEECHES
THAT WENT OVER PRETTY
GOOD...AND I **CAN** PLAY
THE PIANO!

WELL, ALL
RIGHT---I
GUESS!



**WE WANT
COACH HANLON!
COACH HANLON
OR OUR
BACK!**

QUIET! QUIET, EVERYBODY!
---COACH HANLON ISN'T GONNA BE
HERE, BUT WE GOT A SUBSTITUTE
THAT'LL---ER---ENTERTAIN YA!

WHERE'S
THE
COACH?

**OO! COMES NOW
THE REVOLUTION!**

WHAT?
NO HANLON?
WE'VE BEEN
GYPED!

HOW DO YA **KNOW** YOU HAVE?
GIVE OUR GUEST SPEAKER
A **CHANCE!**... **FOLKS,**
**MEET MISTER... ER...
OUR SPEAKER!**



FOLKS, I CAN'T TALK ON FOOTBALL, BUT I CAN
PLAY A PRETTY GOOD PIANO... AND I'LL BE GLAD
TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE
TO ASK!... SO WHAT SAY WE ALL RELAX AND
HAVE SOME **FUN!**



**YE GODS! THE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES!**



SO... SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WELL, GOODBYE, COOKIE AND
JIT! BELIEVE ME, I **ENJOYED**
IT... AND I HOPE I SATISFIED
EVERYBODY!

YOU **KIDDIN'?**
THEY'RE STILL
HYSTERICAL!
AN' GOLLY,
THANKS... YOU
SAVED OUR **NECKS!**



YEAH! AN' THANKS
FOR THE LESSON ON
**MEETIN' TROUBLE
HEAD-ON!**

SO...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANKS TO THESE
TWO BOYS, OUR LITTLE TOWN HAS BEEN PUT
ON THE MAP! TOMORROW, THE NATION'S
PAPERS WILL CARRY THIS STORY TO THE
WHOLE COUNTRY! WE CAN BE **PROUD**
OF THEM!



WOULDN'T YA **KNOW** THE
MAYOR'D GET INTO THE
ACT?

AND NEXT DAY...

OKAY, SHYLOCK!
HERE'S THE LOOT
FOR ALL THE STUFF
WE CATS
CHARGED!

FORGET IT! ANY
BUNCH OF KIDS THAT'D
GO TO THE TROUBLE
OF GETTING THE **PRES-**
DENT HERE SO THEY
COULD SQUARE THEIR
BILLS **SHOULDN'T**
HAVE TO PAY
THEM!



The
END!



BE SURE TO HAVE
Cracker Jack

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT
IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!

LOOK FOR
THE SURPRISE
NOVELTY IN
EVERY BOX



THE MORE
YOU EAT...
THE MORE
YOU WANT!

Announcing

OPERATION: **PERIL**



... NEWEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

OPERATION: **PERIL**

10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

LOVER BOY



STARLET O'HARA

in HOLLYWOOD

GOLLY, AM I TIRED, FRITZI!
I KNOW IT'S ONLY 7:30,
BUT I'M GONNA HIT THE
BAY AND GET A GOOD
NIGHT'S REST!

YEAH --- HEY,
THE **PHONE!** MAYBE
SOMEBODY'S GONNA
ASK ME FOR A
DATE --- I HOPE!



✓HELLO✓ THIS IS **FRITZI**
SPEAKING!
I LOVE TO EAT AN' DANCE,
✓✓ YOU KNOW,
SO GET HERE, FAST AND
✓ AWAY WE'LL GO!



OH, IT'S **YOU!**---YEAH, SHE'S RIGHT
HERE!--- IT'S FOR **YOU**, STARLET
--- YOUR PASH-PIE, JIMMY!

WHAT'S
HE CALLIN'
FOR? I
TOLD HIM I
WAS GOING TO
BED EARLY!

WHAT? REALLY? TOMORROW MORNING? WHY, JIMMY, THAT'S WONDERFUL! YES! YES! I'LL BE THERE! ... NIGHT NOW!



FRITZI! IT'S HAPPENED! JIMMY'S GOT ME AN INTERVIEW WITH PETE PASCO, THE PRODUCER! -- THIS IS MY FIRST BIG BREAK!

AND YOUR SECOND BIG BREAK IS GONNA BE THAT BED, IF YOU DON'T STOP JUMPIN' ON IT!



JEEPERG, I'VE GOTTA START GETTIN' READY, FRITZI! MY NAILS ARE A SIGHT AND MY HAIR LOOKS SIMPLY AWFUL, AND...

COME BACK HERE, YOU BIRD-BRAIN!

IT'S ONLY 7:30 -- AND YOUR INTERVIEW ISN'T UNTIL MORNING!



YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF PRETTY IN THE MORNING! THE IMPORTANT THING TO DO NOW IS TO BRUSH UP ON YOUR SPEAKING VOICE! I'VE HEARD THAT PASCO CHARACTER IS A STICKLER ON ACTRESSES HAVING GOOD VOCAL DELIVERY!

HE IS? WELL, WHAT'LL I DO, FRITZI?



START READING OUT LOUD! WE'VE GOT A COPY OF SHAKESPEARE'S STUFF HERE SOMEWHERE, SO YOU CAN RECITE THAT... AND I'LL LISTEN TO YOU! --- YEAH, HERE IT IS!

GOSH! I'M SO EXCITED!



STARLET'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S EXCITED -- SO IS PETE PASCO! BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON!

SORRY TO BUST IN ON YA LIKE THIS, BOSS, BUT I'VE GREAT NEWS! CHI-CHI, THE SENSATIONAL NEW FOREIGN STAR, IS ARRIVING HERE TOMORROW -- AND I'VE PERSUADED HER AGENT TO HAVE HER SEE YOU THE FIRST THING!

WONDERFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN HER, BUT I UNDERSTAND SHE'S TERRIFIC!



SHE IS... BUT THERE'S A **CATCH!** SHE CAN'T SPEAK A **WORD OF ENGLISH**... AND EVEN **WORSE**, SHE'S VERY **SHY!** THEY SAY IT'S TOUGH TO EVEN GET HER TO TALK IN HER **OWN LANGUAGE!**

WHO CARES? IF I CAN SIGN HER TO DO THE **BACHELOR GIRL** ROLE IN MY NEW PICTURE, I'LL DUB IN SOMEONE **ELSE'S VOICE!**

BY GOSH, LEAVE IT TO **YOU** TO FIGURE AN ANGLE, BOSS!... WELL, GOOD LUCK... I HOPE SHE SIGNS! BUT REMEMBER, SHE'S **SHY**... SO MAKE HER COMFORTABLE! MAYBE A **PARTY** TO HELP PUT HER AT EASE WOULD HELP!

SURE! I'LL HAVE THE STUDIO PUT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT HER DISPOSAL! G'NIGHT, MAC, AND **THANKS!**

NOW BACK TO STARLET AND FRITZI---

ROMEO! ROMEO! WHEREFORE **ART** THOU, ROMEO?

HOLD IT! YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE CALLING A PET PIG! NOW TRY IT **AGAIN!**

3 HOURS LATER

ART THOU... WHEREFORE ROAMING YOU, ART? ... THOU ART WHERE, ROAMING FOR YOU... ART! ART! ART THOU ... ROMEO...?

THAT'S IT... YOU WERE **PERFECT!** NEVER HEARD THE BARD'S WORDS SPOKEN BETTER!

SO... CAME MORNING...

YOU MEAN... I CAN GO... TO BED... **NOW?**

SURE THING, AND TOMORROW YOU'LL **THANK** ME FOR COACHING YOU! IT'LL CINCH A SCREEN TEST FOR YOU!... WELL, NIGHTY-NIGHT!

HEY, STARLET, WAKE UP! --WHAT TIME ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE THERE?



FRITZI, WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN IN THE **MAILROOM**? STARLET HAD PERMISSION TO TAKE THE MORNING OFF--- BUT **YOU** DIDN'T!

ULP!...MISS OLSON!
ER...AH... L-LOOK, MISS OLSON, I...

DON'T MISS OLSON **ME**, YOUNG LADY! YOU'LL FOLLOW ME RIGHT ON DOWN TO THE MAILROOM...OR CONSIDER YOURSELF **FIRE**!

BUT MISS OLSON
---MA'AM ---I---I--- **GULP!**
---I'LL BE RIGHT BACK,
STARLET!

MEANWHILE---

--- SO AS SOON AS SHE SHOWS UP, LET ME KNOW! SHE CAN'T TALK ENGLISH, AND SHE'S VERY SHY! I'LL GREET HER **PERSONALLY!**

YES, MR. PASCO, I'LL
---WHY, THAT MUST BE **SHE** OUT THERE
RIGHT NOW!

WHY, OF **COURSE!**...**WOW!**
WHAT A **BEAUTY!** WHAT A
SENSATIONAL **DOLL!** I'VE
GOT TO HAVE HER FOR MY
NEW PICTURE! HELLO!
HELLO! HELLO!

ULP! IT'S
HIM...AND-I
CAN'T SAY A
WORD! I...
I'VE GOTTA GET
OUT OF
HERE!

WAIT... WHERE ARE
YOU **GOING?**
OOPS! I FORGOT!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'M SAYING...
AND YOU'RE **SHY!**

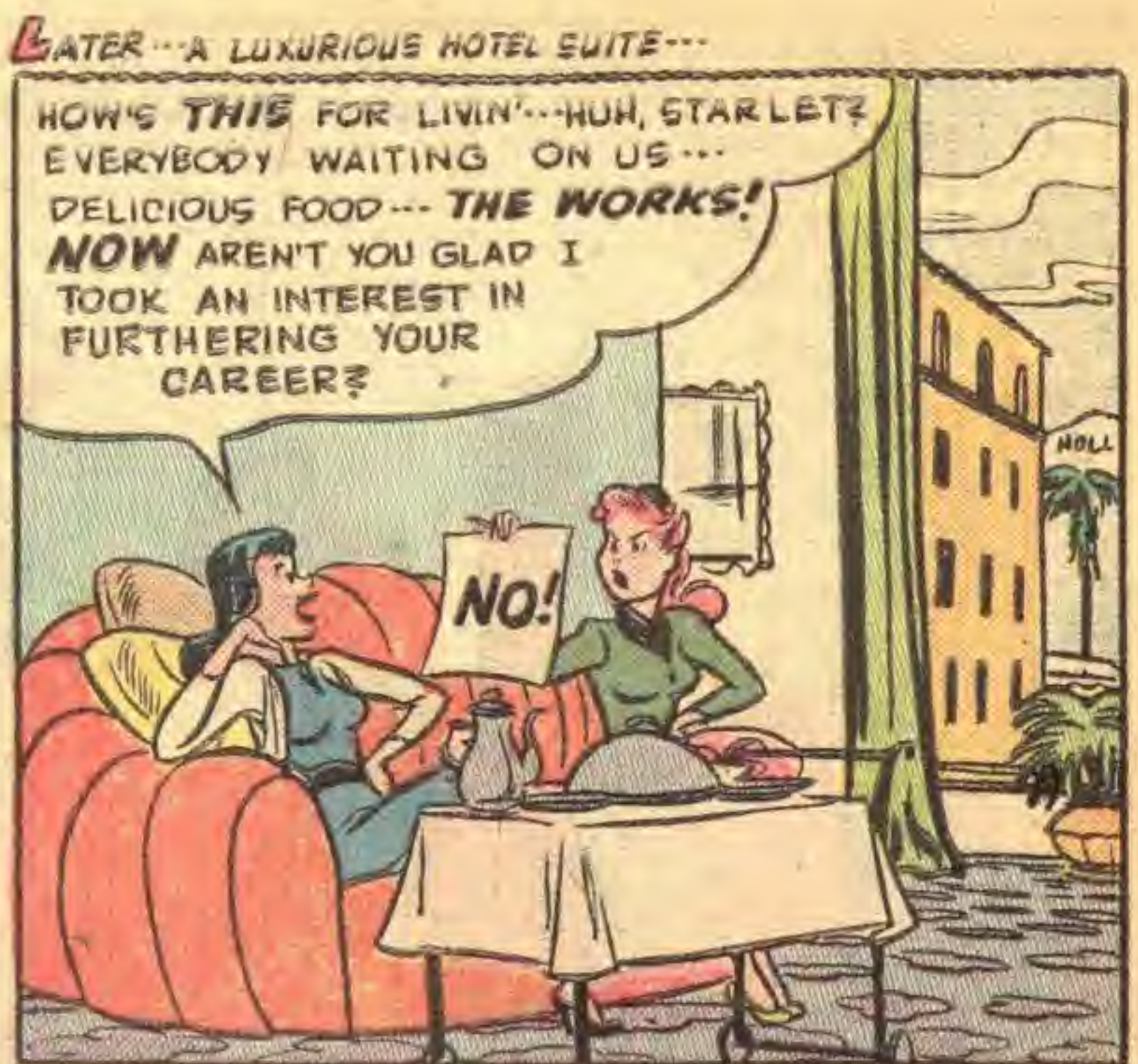
OH-HHH! THIS
RUINS **EVERYTHING!**
---DARN THAT FRITZI! I
WOULDN'T HAVE COME
AT **ALL** IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR
HER!

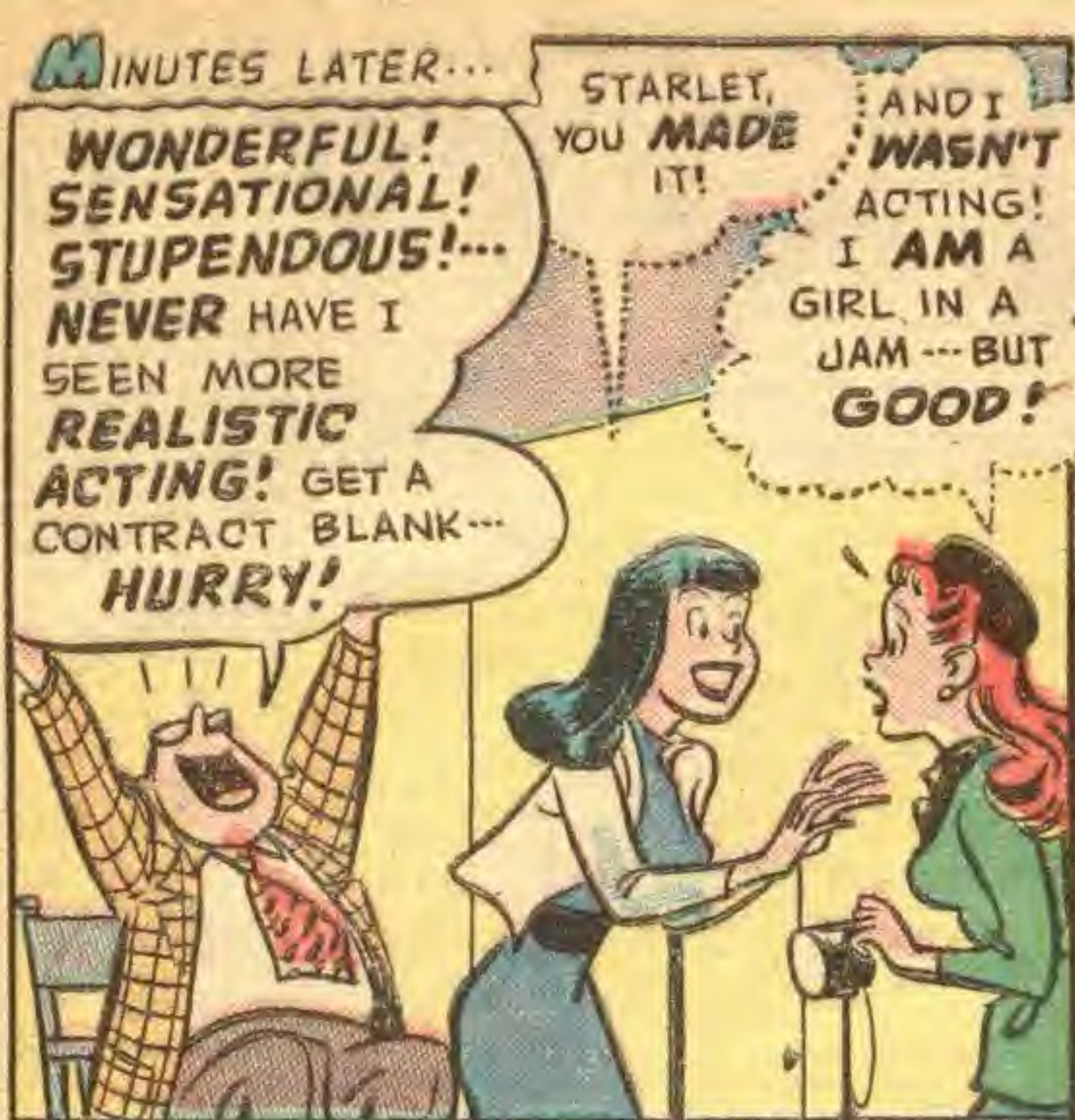
RELAX, MY DEAR---**RELAX!** YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BE SHY AROUND **ME!** COME IN MY
OFFICE---THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY
TO YOU!

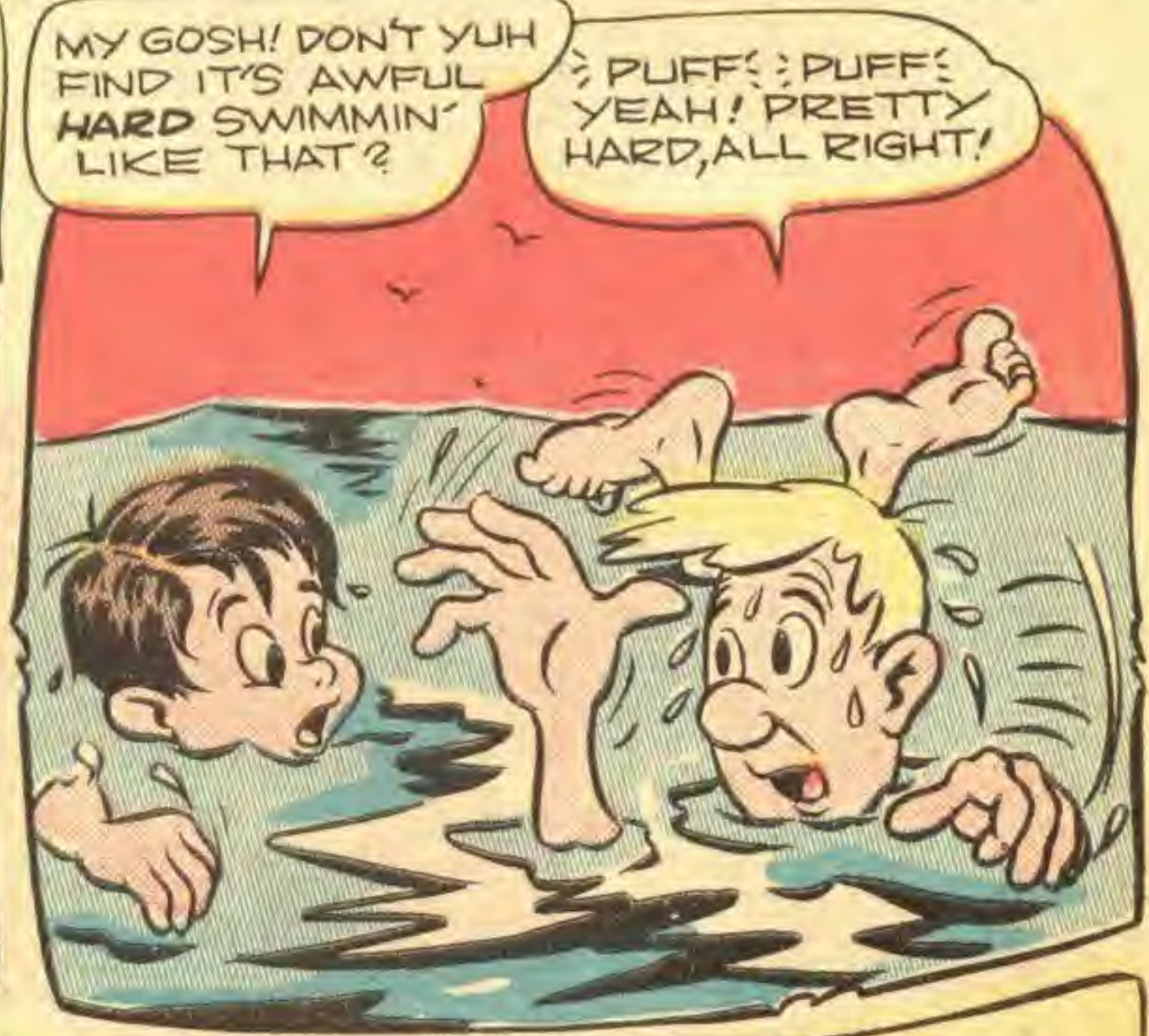
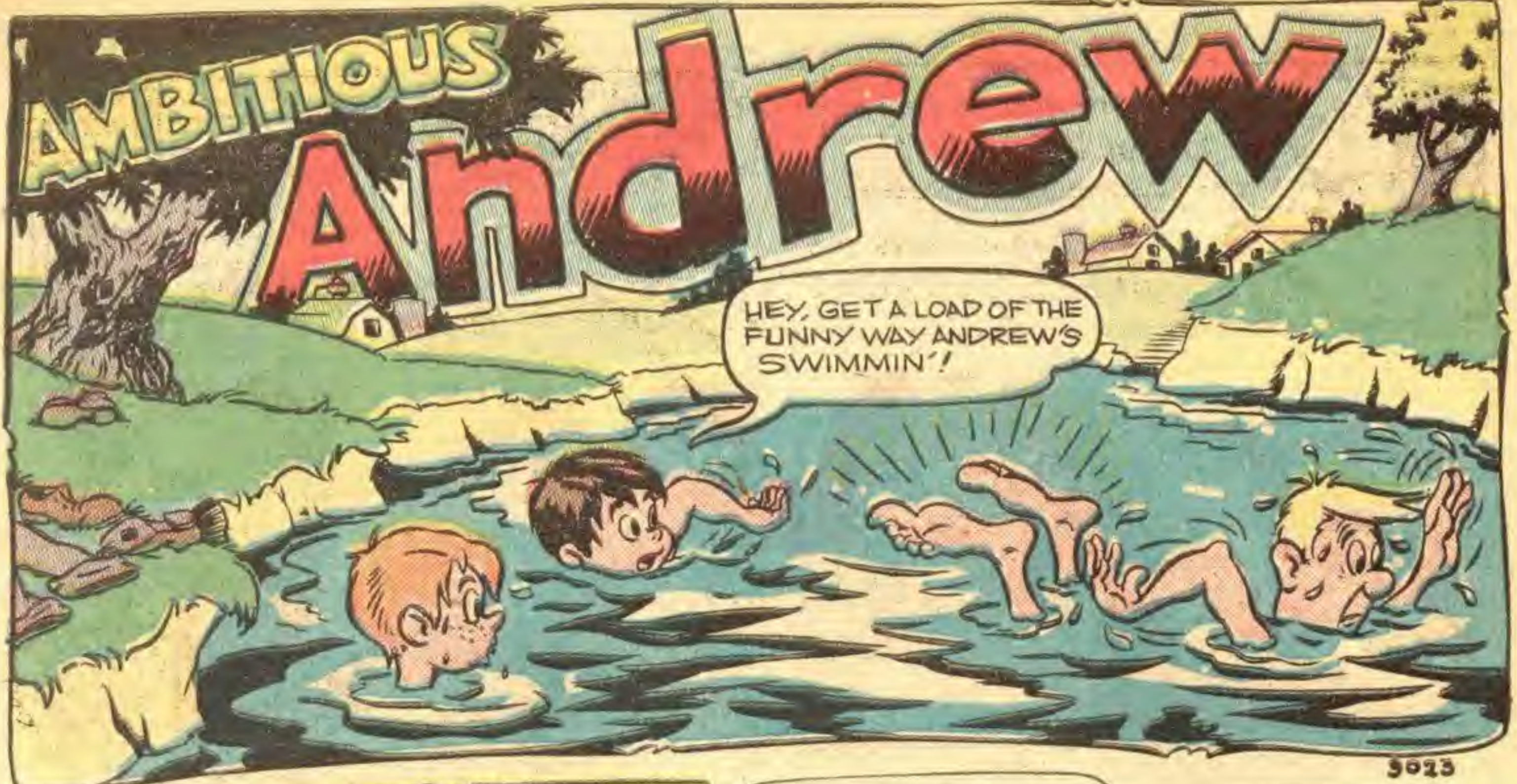
MISS ADAMS,
GET ME AN
INTERPRETER!













BUNK!

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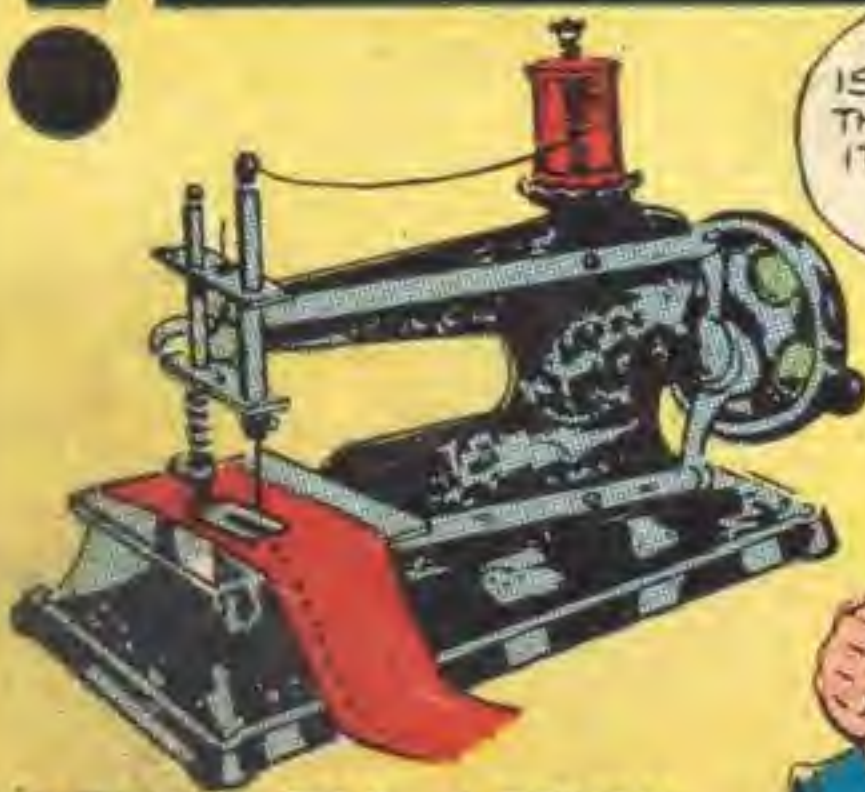


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I'M SANDY!
I DRINK, I WET,
I SLEEP, AND YOU
CAN WAVE MY
HAIR, TOO!

THE NEWEST IN
NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

SHE HAS
WONDER SKIN - JUST
LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-
LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK,
WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER
HAIR WAVED!

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